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ADVERTISING PAGE 10

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Harlip

MISS JOAN MOWAT

Miss Mowat is the daughter of Colonel Sir Alfred Mowat, Bt., and Lady Mowat, of Oldfield Nook, Scholes, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire

COUNTRY LIFE

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RURAL RECONDITIONING

A USEFUL discussion which has had little notice in the Press took place just before Christmas during the debate on the Address. Mr. David Eccles, the Member for Chippenham, called for information about the Government's plans for rural housing and urged that the Housing (Rural Workers) Acts should be at once amended so as to make possible a "reconditioning campaign" during the period which must elapse before fresh building in rural districts becomes possible. There was general recognition—and it is shared in the countryside—of the fact that for some time to come the bulk of mobile building labour must be concentrated on the restoration of blitzed cities. This means that the burden of country building will fall on the small country builder who has had a raw deal so far and will remain paralysed, as he is now, unless the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Works play fair with him when demobilisation begins. His men who left him to work for the big contractors did not, when the job was done, go home again to get on with the repairs that were piling up in farm buildings and cottages. They were directed into the Army, and it is essential that when demobilisation starts his key-men should be returned to him so that his nucleus of immobile labour can be built up again into a compact and efficient unit.

Assuming this is done, what is the best use we can make of the rural builder? There is much sound sense in Mr. Eccles's contention that he should not be mainly turned over to building new cottages. Speed and results achieved at the smallest expense of labour and materials are what we want, and there is little doubt that we shall rehouse more farm-workers in a shorter time if a substantial proportion of the country building labour available is put on to reconditioning. To do this it will certainly be necessary to make a change in the law. The original figures of grant and of value after reconditioning were fixed in relation to building prices ruling in 1926 and are quite obsolete to-day. There seems no reason why the operative figures should not be doubled: the grant-in-aid raised from £100 to £200 and the maximum value after reconditioning fixed at £800. If this were done owners would have much less cause of complaint when their obligations to recondition were strictly enforced. On the other hand the grant-in-aid must in that case be made obligatory and not be at the discretion of the local authority as it is at present. Local authorities already have powers to take over rural dwellings which owners refuse to recondition, but reconditioning is often impossible to either party without adequate financial help.

The Government's reply to Mr. Eccles's demand for a new Bill was a promise that legislation would be introduced during the present session revising the financial provisions

of the existing Acts. Miss Horsbrugh, who gave it, also dealt with another important matter—the Orders existing at the beginning of the war for the demolition of many properties which could, in present circumstances, be usefully reconditioned. At present the existence and occupation of such condemned cottages is preserved by Defence regulations, and a change in their legal status could be effected only by fresh legislation. This possibility is to be examined, though the Government consider it "fraught with many difficulties." "In any case," said Miss Horsbrugh, "there is no prospect of immediate demolition of the cottages and there is time to go into the subject." No doubt, if early and speedy reconditioning, and not merely preservation, were not the essence of the matter.

TO A FAVOURITE CAT

WHAT memory of ancient Egypt lies
Behind that calm, reflective gaze? What dream

Of sunlit slumber on the sacred stream
Under a song of murmuring canopies
At that first magic instant of surprise
When Antony, his mind and heart afire—
Caught in a web of wondering desire—
Stood gazing into Cleopatra's eyes?
And in that moment of bewildered bliss
Did you awake to sharp, prophetic fears,
Sensing beyond the rapt, enchanted years
A bitter anguish, and the snake's dark kiss?
Was it for this that you, in sudden dread,
Caressed your laughing queen with loving head?

EVE DOWLING.

THE CASE OF WALTHAM ABBEY

THERE are bound to be many objections to Professor Abercrombie's Greater London Plan like that which the local authorities of Waltham Abbey have lost no time in raising. In the Plan, Waltham Abbey is designated "a green belt town in the open wedge of fine country connecting good Essex farm lands with the built-up area of London at Chingford. This country wedge should on no account be built over." But Waltham has for some time had a local scheme for developing an adjoining area, and objects to being zoned green. The Report foresees such difficulties and possible cases of hardship. But "the right of each to aim at maximum growth and to attract as much industry as they can swallow, must now be curtailed." The administrative machine suggested for realising the new plan for the metropolitan region—so large and so original that individual localities may be pardoned if they do not immediately grasp their changed place in the over-all picture—is for dividing the Region up into a series of Joint Planning Committees, representative of the local authorities, and not too big to maintain local contacts. These Committees would be responsible for preparing and administering schemes in conformity with the Master Plan. There would be the right of appeal from their decisions to the Minister of Town and Country Planning, and presiding over them a Regional Planning Board. Within this framework the normal functions of local authorities would be carried on as before. Yet the fact remains that, as yet, Waltham Abbey and its peers do possess statutory powers, and the Greater London Plan does not. It is vital to its realisation that its visions should not be prejudiced meanwhile by well-meaning but unco-ordinated local activities.

THE COMMUNAL SPIRIT

NOW that the main principle is conceded and local education authorities have been told that the provision of Community Centres, and the support of their many cultural activities, will henceforth be regarded as part of the education service which it is the authority's duty to provide, we may look forward with every hope of realisation to the blossoming of a communal life as fruitful and as various as the widely differing local backgrounds and social make-up of hamlets and villages, town wards and industrial parishes, private and public housing estates suggest. The Ministry of Education's new pamphlet is full of good ideas as to how groups of people, impelled by a spirit of good-neighbourliness, can get together and

raise to an almost unlimited degree the powers of enjoyment, interest in life and appreciation of true values of the whole community. It is well that there should be such a guide to the planning of a community centre, but it would be a mistake if too much planning were imposed from above. The Ministry seem inclined to deplore the necessity for improvisation at the start of the new ventures. But as those who have had experience of such matters will readily agree, improvisation is the spice of life to the venturers. It is the early difficulties and disasters narrowly escaped which build up a sense of comradeship in those who overcome them. Unhappy is the dramatic society or glee club which has no history: no record of ludicrous *contretemps*, of impending bankruptcies and successes snatched from the very jaws of ruin. These provide the stories which the old are never tired of repeating to the young and which provide the essential background of tradition. But while we must avoid making things too easy there will be much room for guidance. Such organisations as the British Drama League are ready to provide it, and it is worth noting that the League's Exhibition at Burlington House which opens on January 9 contains examples of theatre architecture for village halls and community centres besides its retrospective display of "The British Playhouse."

DREAMS OF CHEESE

WE are constantly and properly warned against thinking that once the war is over everything will be as it was before, and lately we have received a warning as to one particular item; it will be fully a year, we are told, after the war's end before our old and beloved friends among cheeses, Stilton, Wensleydale and the rest, will be ready for us. This is sad, no doubt, but not overpoweringly so; in some respects our hearts have almost ceased to be "sore for Christian diet" as was Ben Gunn's on Treasure Island. "Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese," he said wistfully. There was a time when we did so too, especially perhaps of Stilton with its "marbled veinings like a quarried hill," as a poet once described it under the inspiration of a domestic poetry game. But that seems long ago now, and we have grown gratefully resigned to the plain honest cheeses, whether of palest yellow or deeper red, which come to our rescue from overseas. They at least remind us faintly of Cheddar or Cheshire and they give us much to be thankful for, though not perhaps quite so much as some of us would like. They are of the type with which we like, in the manner of Mr. Jorjacks, to "fill up the chinks," and the ration hardly permits this liberal scale. The plainest cheese has to-day almost assumed the character of a treat, and if there be one thing the war has taught us it is to appreciate treats.

THE WETTEST TOWN

TO most Southerners the name of Burnley suggests first of all League football, not so distinguished as of yore but having at any rate an illustrious past. Now the town has another claim to celebrity; it says it is "the wettest town in Britain," and even Manchester has reluctantly to admit its superiority, if only to a fractional extent. Burnley does not put itself forward in a spirit of idle boastfulness; it is strictly practical; it wants more coupons to buy raincoats. Most of us, wherever we live, have got so wet in the last few months and our raincoats have got so old that we shall feel a little jealous if this demand be granted, since we could all do with another eighteen coupons. There are other districts in the country, the Lakes and the Welsh hills and the west coast of Scotland for instance, that might have a word to say in the matter, but this is a kind of distinction that is not very eagerly sought. Local patriotism is a strong passion and Mr. Guppy with his "London particular" was at least indirectly preening himself on London's pre-eminence in fogs. But if we do boast there must be no doubts. None of us cares for his town to be merely wet. It must be the very wettest of all. Otherwise we are sure that it has the best climate in the country and no number of coupons will abate our pride.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IN these days, when the maintenance of rations for those hearty eaters, retrievers and spaniels, is something of a problem, the average shooting man is loath to add to his difficulties by increasing his stock with puppies, and therefore many old and reliable workers are going to their last hunting-grounds leaving no heirs to carry on the family tradition. A heredity counts for so much in steadiness, nose and general intelligence, and as there are a number of men who can train their dogs and fashion them to their taste far better than any professional handler, it is to be regretted that during the last five years so many strains with local, if not national, fame have been allowed to die out.

MET recently when shooting on a mixed partridge and outlier pheasant day a most amusing, but extremely competent, war-time substitute for the retriever and spaniel, and this was a tiny Norwich terrier who combined the qualities of both with the ration intake of neither. Perhaps one could hardly call her a retriever as, despite her willingness, her size prevented her from bringing to hand anything larger than a snipe, but there was nothing wrong with her nose, as she followed the line of runner pheasants infallibly and with a rapidity which allowed nothing to escape. There was one amusing episode when after a drive a volley of shrill barks, breaking into hysterical screams, brought the beaters to a small spinney where a lightly-wounded pheasant, which had not been marked down, was seated twenty feet up in a holly tree. I imagine that quite a number of reliable retrievers would have overlooked this bird. Later the keeper's retriever was put on the line of a strong runner cock pheasant in a hedgerow and, after travelling a hundred yards down the ditch, the dog decided that the bird might possibly be in a derelict henhouse standing by the side of the field. The door was opened and he went inside, but a moment later came out with an apologetic look on his face, and admitted his mistake. He then went on down the hedgerow, but the little Norwich terrier, who had accompanied him inside, then started her soprano solo, tearing furiously at the floor boards, and the pheasant was found crouched in the narrow space between the ground and the bottom of the hut.

THE one drawback to this tireless and enthusiastic little worker was that she limited the bag as far as hares were concerned, for no man in the party dared take a shot at any of these animals on the move in front unless it happened to be running in the open with every detail of its outline, white scutt and black-tipped ears in full and unmistakable view. The small dog was exactly the same size and colour as a hare and, when working just ahead of the guns in swedes or mangolds where one obtained glimpses of her brown body running down the rows, one had premonitions of committing the awful crime which no man can ever forgive, and for which there can be no possible excuse.

OUR local river, the Hampshire Avon, is in the news. A 37½-lb. pike has been caught at Fordingbridge, which has been claimed as a record for England—a claim which I am unable to verify as my reference book gives game fish records only. I imagine, however, that 37½ lb., though remarkable, is far from a record, as I



F. A. Girling

IN STORM AND SUNSHINE: PITMAN'S CORNER, WETHERINGSETT, SUFFOLK

think, many pike of over 40 lb. have been reported and accepted as authentic; and there is an account of a 60-lb. fish from an Irish lough though, I believe, this weight is subject to some query.

In addition to the disturbance caused to the water by the landing of this monster, there is the local upheaval caused by an agitation to start boating on this salmon and trout river. This would involve a number of knotty points concerning water rights of way, riparian owner's rights, sporting rights, trespass and disturbance of game. One of the arguments advanced is that, if a river explorer can embark in his boat or canoe at some spot where the bank is common or Government land, open to the general public, he is legally entitled to proceed up or down stream as far as it is navigable, but he may not land on either bank.

AS a fisherman, and not a "wet-bob," my views on the matter are probably biased, and I have no idea what the legal situation is with regard to rivers, and a right of way up and down stream. I imagine that all rivers are either legally navigable or otherwise, and a navigable river is one which is provided with a towpath and with locks at every weir. If a river lacks these adjuncts to water transport, as does the Avon, there is no right of way along its waters, but this is only the opinion of an angler who does not think that salmon take well when boats and canoes are constantly passing overhead and that the big trout will not rise when a pic-nic party is moored over his favourite stance.

On the other hand a river may have been navigable in the past, and the water right of way lost in much the same manner as the rights on much of the common land in this country were annulled and obliterated at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. This state of affairs may well have occurred on the Avon, which, it is thought, was used for the transport of the stones of Stonehenge from the quarries in South Wales; while, according to a letter in the local newspaper, there is in the archives of Salisbury a document recording the passage of ships of the King's Navy from Christchurch to this city for the purpose of embarking the crews conscripted in Wiltshire. It is obvious that the "ships" must have been extremely small and of very shallow draught even for those days, and most probably they were the ships' boats or pinnaces, but, if the document can be produced, it will constitute very strong evidence that once upon a time there was a water right of way up the Avon.

MY casual mention in some recent Notes of an old-time music-hall parody set to the tune of *Comin' thro' the Rye* has awakened almost poignant memories in many readers, who recall those care-free days when Gus Elen

sang this song, and Arthur Roberts, Nelly Farren and Marie Lloyd might follow him on the bill. Several of them have sent me other verses of this little ditty, and one, which I had forgotten, runs:—

Johnny Morgan's nasal organ turned a purple blue,
So he bought some stuff to dye it to its natural hue.
Winter froze it to his nose, but when 'twas warm
and dry

A purple blotch of Special Scotch kept comin' thro'
the dye.

In connection with this not particularly high-brow jingle it has struck me how seldom one sees to-day those enlarged and highly-coloured noses, suggestive of the stern of a mandrill, which were quite a common feature in the days when, to quote a correspondent, "The 'widow' was 8s. 6d. a bottle, the best tobacco 6s. 8d. per lb., and beer was 4d. a quart." Perhaps the cheapness of the first and third items was the contributory factor to the pigmentation.

ONE of the things which has been brought home to me recently is the wonderful clarity of vision, and ability to grasp political situations in foreign countries, possessed by certain of my countrymen, and my own lamentable inadequacy in this respect. For some twenty years I have been in fairly close contact with Greeks, I had a small Greek community in my Province, I have visited the country on more than one occasion, and I hold a Greek order, whatever significance that may have. Nevertheless it would never occur to me for one moment that I was sufficiently in touch with Hellenic affairs to advance any opinion whatsoever on the situation in Athens, as Greek politics to me are, and have always been, in the same class as the Eleusinian mysteries. I am, therefore, lost in admiration of those who understand them sufficiently to advertise their views publicly, such as the scribe responsible for a slogan in three foot letters on a wall in Bournemouth, which reads: "Hands of Grece." This says something for his standard of education as he knew it was not spelt with an "a" and an "s."

My only consolation is that I know several men, who have spent thirty years or more of their lives in an administrative capacity in India, and, when they are asked what in their opinion is the solution of the Indian question, they look worried, and more or less admit they do not know of any very satisfactory solution to suit many races with different outlooks, two warring religions, and one that will not put a vast number of illiterates in the power of a few educated politicians. Nevertheless the railway workers of this country, few of whom have ever been to India, grasp the situation perfectly and know the answer, which goes to prove that my old *Quai Hai* friends are as futile as myself.

HARNESSING HIGHLAND LOCHS

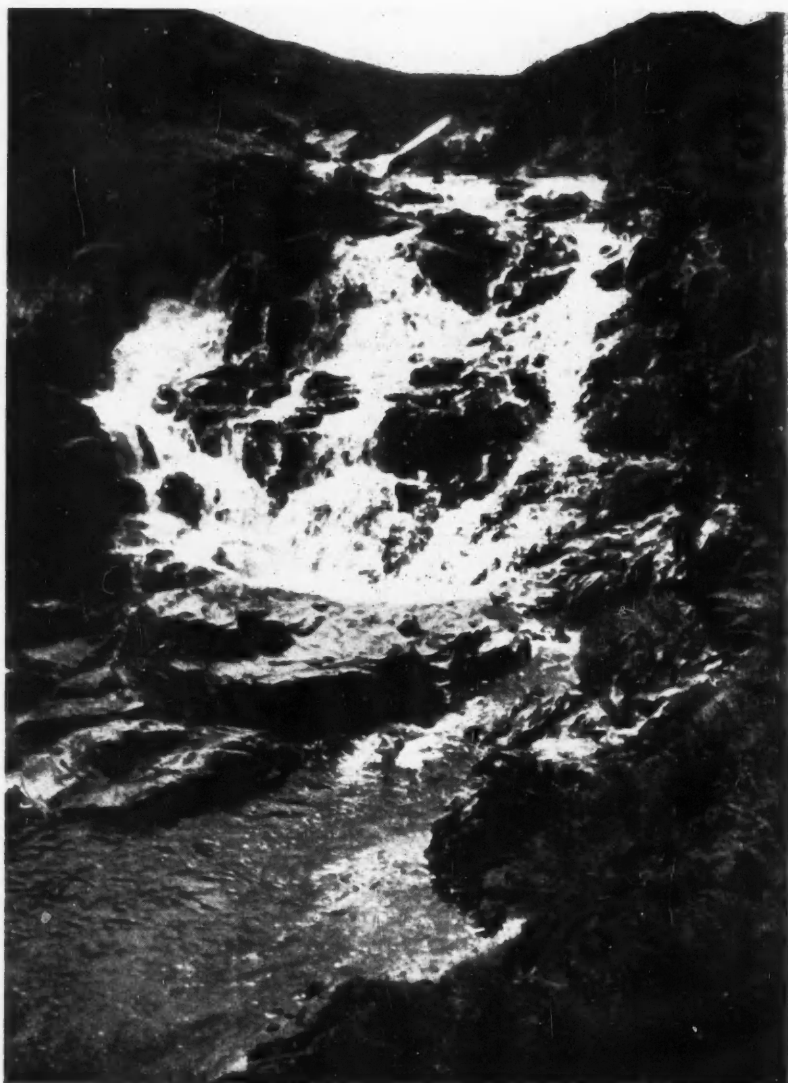
By SETON GORDON

THE four hydro-electric schemes in immediate prospect in the Highlands are those of Loch Sloy in the Loch Lomond area, Loch Alsh at the gateway to the Isle of Skye, Loch Morar (the deepest Highland loch) in the romantic Prince Charlie country of the west, and lastly what has been named the Tummel and Garry Scheme, in the Pitlochry district of the Central Highlands.

So far as is publicly known, the electricity generated by the Loch Sloy and Tummel-Garry schemes is to go in its entirety to the Lowlands for consumption. The two West Highland schemes are different, for they are, it would seem, to supply current for their own districts—the Loch Alsh scheme to Kyle of Loch Alsh and district, and the Loch Morar scheme to Mallaig and its neighbourhood. Many other schemes are in prospect. Mr. MacColl, deputy-chairman of the Hydro-Electric Board, stated recently that the Board's complete programme would include some 200 power stations throughout the Highlands.

The two schemes which have aroused the most criticism are the Loch Sloy project and the Tummel-Garry scheme. Loch Sloy is at the heart of the high hills, beneath the almost sheer slopes of Ben Vorlich (this hill must not be confused with Ben Vorlich which rises from Loch Earn) and Ben Vane (Beinn Bhàn). Loch Sloy is at the core of what is old MacFarlane territory. There is an old Gaelic saying that "MacFarlane's Lantern is the Moon" and this wild clan, who excelled in what would now be known as Commando raids, had as their rallying cry the words "Loch Sloy." What the MacFarlanes would have said had they been told that their loch would be harnessed to supply electric power to their hereditary enemies in the Lowlands can be imagined!

Loch Sloy, it may be argued, is seen by few, and although it is one of the most beautiful and romantic of



James MacFarlane

(Right) FALL ON THE LOCH SLOY BURN



LOCH SLOY AT
THE HEART OF
THE MACFARLANE COUNTRY

To be harnessed to
a power-station on
Loch Lomond

Robert M. Adam



LOCH MORAR. THE ISLANDS AT ITS WESTERN END. It is the deepest Highland loch

the smaller Highland lochs it lies hidden in the hills, so that its mutilation is of little consequence. But even if this argument is accepted, the great power-station and power-houses are (if the scheme materialises) to be built on the shore of Loch Lomond, and must vitally affect the beauty of that historic lake.

The projected scheme which has aroused most criticism, because it affects the beauty of a great tourist resort in the Central Highlands with Pitlochry as its centre, is the Tummel-Garry project. If this project materialises in its present conception the Falls of Bruar will disappear. Besides being one of the most beautiful things in the British Isles, these falls are of historic interest to Scotland because of their connection with the poet Robert Burns and the interest he took in the planting of Bruar Glen. Pitlochry will lose its riverside walks, golf course, bowling-green and other amenities which attract tourists to the district and have been its main source of revenue. Last, but by no means least, the level of Loch Tummel will be raised considerably, two miles of arable land at either end of the loch will be submerged, and the loch more than doubled in length by the 70-foot dam that is projected. The 55-foot dam at Pitlochry will form a reservoir that must inundate the land as far as the historic Pass of Killiecrankie, associated with Montrose and Claverhouse, and will come close up to the highest point of the Falls of Tummel, lately given to the National Trust by Dr. Freeland Barbour of Bonskeid. Cluny Bridge will be submerged, together with the fine haugh lines of Faskelly.

It may be said that certain beauty spots in Scotland should be sacrificed in the present age, when beauty must give place to utility. But against this scheme, which must vitally affect Pitlochry, the objection is made that at a time when everything possible, we are told, will be done to encourage tourist traffic to the Highlands after the war a great tourist centre is to suffer irreparable injury.

The Highlands of Scotland have a right to insist that two guarantees should go with each hydro-electric scheme before it is begun. The first is that each house within reasonable distance in the district shall be supplied with electric current at a fair cost. The second is that Scottish labour shall be given preference in the work. Neither of these things has been promised. In the House of Commons the Government have refused to give an undertaking that Scottish labour will be given preference: it is therefore more than likely that cheap Irish labour will be employed, as it has been for many public works, both during the war and before it. It is, I think, unanimously agreed that hydro-electric schemes *can*

be beneficial to the Highlands. The difference of opinion is over the form these schemes shall take.

In future years the Highlands will be dependent on the tourist industry as their main source of revenue. The talk of repopulating the glens is, I fear, without substance. When the glens were populated the conditions of life were very different from what they are now. The tempo of life was slower; there was no cinema to attract the thoughts of the young. The standard of living was entirely different from what it is at the present time. The glens, many of them, were made desolate so that the sheep farmers might have the crofts for the sheep. Many an unworthy deed was done in the old days when the Highlanders were shipped to the Colonies, there to make a new life for themselves. The death-knell of the home life of the Highland glens was then sounded: it is impossible now to put back the hands of the clock.

There are two disquieting features about

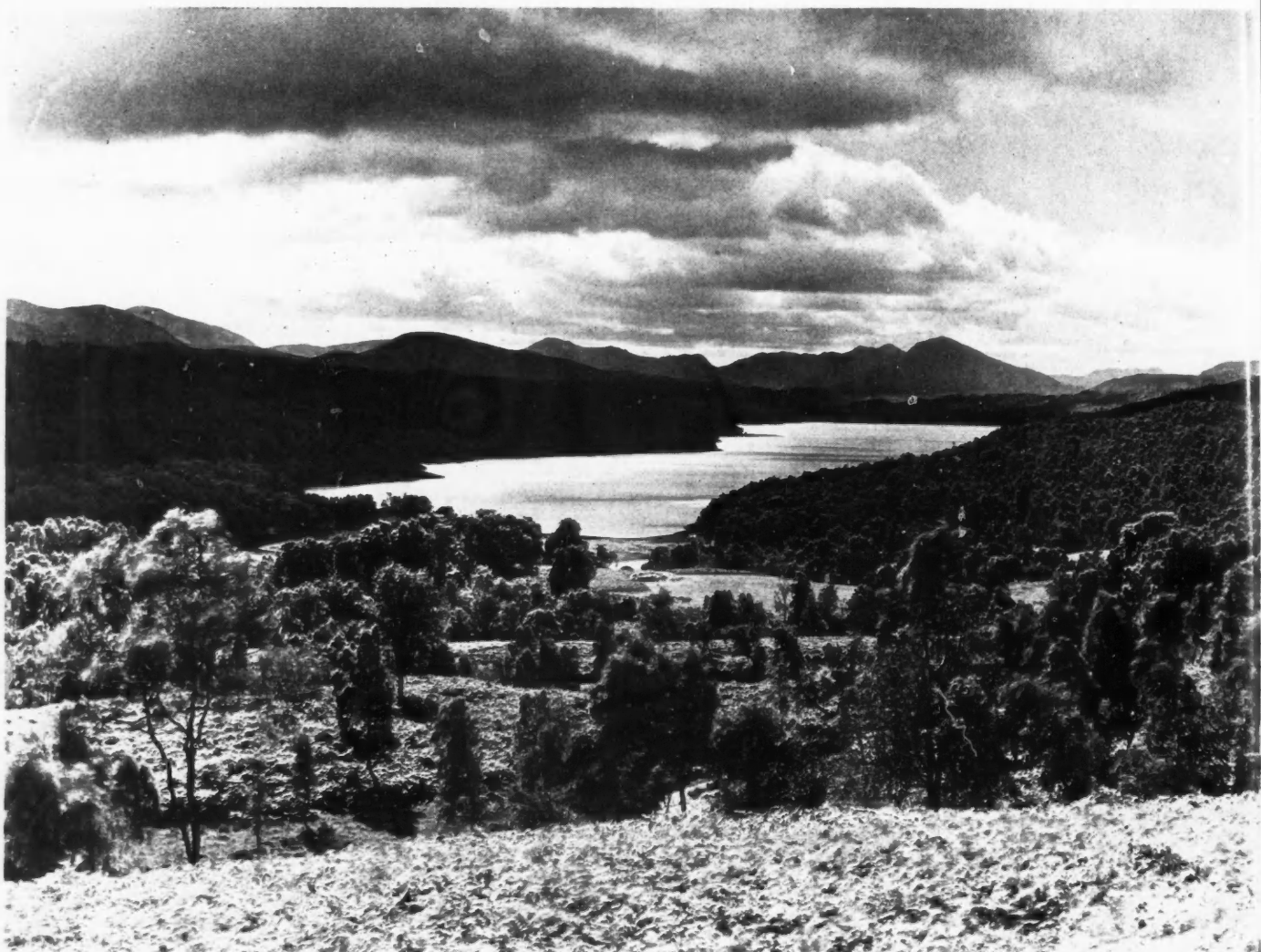
Robert M. Adam



Robert M. Adam

FALLS OF HOURN

The Caledonian Power Bill sought to create a power station here



LOCH GARRY, LOOKING WEST

the new hydro-electric schemes. The first is that they are being hurried through at a time when public criticism is largely muzzled by war conditions. After five years of war people are afraid to say—and still more to write—what they think. Men's thoughts, too, are focused on the war, and schemes which under peacetime conditions might seem of importance and urgency are now scarcely heeded.

The second is that the flower of Scottish manhood, like that of other countries, is now on war service, and is therefore unable to express its opinion on these great undertakings.

Lord Lovat, grievously wounded at the time, gave food for thought in his letter to *The Times* of August 4 last year. His appeal that Highlanders returning from the services should be given employment in this vast work of post-war power construction is surely one that deserves every consideration, as also his suggestion that clear maps, drawings and photographs of the projected schemes should be published in the newspapers and exhibited where they can be carefully studied.



Robert M. Adam

GORGE OF THE GARRY, PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

Under the Loch Garry scheme, land at the end of the historic Pass would be flooded

THE ELUSIVE SITUTUNGA

By L. A. WILLMOTT

THE other day, looking through some photographs taken in East Africa, I came across two of a female Situtunga. This animal has odd and elusive habits. It lives in papyrus swamps, and has a fairly wide distribution in Africa where these occur, its headquarters being in the Sese Islands off Uganda, in Lake Victoria. It is semi-aquatic and is remarkable, and indeed unique among antelopes, for the formation of its hoofs. These are greatly elongated and splayed out, so that instead of treading daintily on its toes, it goes about flat-footed like a duck, in order to keep afloat on the soft mud flats and yielding reed-beds that form its terrain. Other animals, including man, would sink there. If by chance it is come upon unawares it immediately makes for the nearest bit of reasonably clear water, into which it plunges, leaving only the tips of its nostrils above water, and is virtually invisible.



FEMALE SITUTUNGA, 9-12 MONTHS OLD, AT BUKOBA

Like the allied Bushbucks, it is a nocturnal feeder, preferring, when it can get them, the tender shoots of crops in native gardens, and is thus greatly disliked by the tribes along the Lake. The coat is long and silky, and the markings common to the Harnessed Antelope group are rarely in evidence.

It will be readily understood that an animal such as this, with its watery environment, submersion on the approach of danger, and nocturnal habits, is difficult to come by.

Methods of approaching it vary, and none is easy. A remarkable feat, described more fully later, was achieved by Capt. M. Moore, V.C., about 1927 when with two, I think consecutive, shots he secured fine heads of two different types. While duck-shooting in swamps I have occasionally put one up, but, after crashing for a short distance through the reeds, it has disappeared from sight and sound, generally under water. A snap shot is all that is possible in these circumstances, and photography is out of the question.

Natives, if they think they can get away with it, are prone to burn the reeds in the dry weather and spear the Situtunga as they make for clear water. This pastime is discouraged.

In earlier days, when life was leisurely and labour plentiful, the custom was to select a likely patch of papyrus bordered by native gardens, just near the margin of the lake. There would be a certain amount of dry ground to form an approach. Lanes were then cut through the swamp, very much on the lines of drives through an English wood. The floor of these lanes was corduroyed with banana stems, brushwood, and so on, and they were highly unsafe.

When the Germans held Tanganyika this was the usual method. A favourite locality was

Bukoba, extending southwards down the western shore of the Lake towards Mwanza, itself a good place. On a given day all the local sports would turn out with a very variegated armory, and hundreds of beaters would drive everything towards the centre, from miles around, using canoes where possible, beating tin cans, yelling and shouting.

Why the head of this inoffensive animal was so highly prized was due largely to the appalling danger of the Grand Battue itself. People were all over the place, always on the verge of being drowned, and they usually used German guns.

I would like to digress a little about German guns. The last one I bought had four barrels and I got it cheap, the owner being dead. With a slide-rule and a good memory it was possible to tell which barrel was likely to fire next, but in practice it was always another one that went off, and a charge of No. 6 shot, S.S.G., or a .375 bullet were equally likely to emerge. The more conservative sportsman using a Mannlicher always stood the chance of the thing blowing up. My right hand is no longer as good as new since that happened to me, but I was luckier than a friend whose weapon left him with a rather odd-looking face and a very curtailed hand. It is the rotary magazine that is at fault with Mannlichers. Every now and again a cartridge jams and explodes in the breech.

If all went well, the best that could happen was for a Situtunga to break cover on one side of the drive, to disappear instantaneously into the other. The time for a shot was, I suppose, about that for two 'planes engaged in air combat, only in the air it is probable that your target is a recognised enemy. With everyone so keyed up on a Situtunga shoot, if it happened to be old George come to borrow some cartridges, or a beater crashing through into a drive, or the Game Warden trying to stop it all, the chances of a bit of blood of some sort were really very high. And all the time guns would be going off at all angles, and plenty of people would be scattered about.

Once, in Bukoba, we had a drive of this sort nicely fixed, but it was impossible to keep such a large-scale operation quiet, and the Provincial Commissioner, to whose ears came rumours of our wild-cat scheme, felt it his duty to save the Colonial Office money in pensions to our widows and orphans, so I never got first-hand experience of the actual mayhem.

The next method, the orthodox and proper one, needs quite a different type of shot. It needs unlimited patience, marksmanship, skill and knowledge, and, although Capt. Moore of the Hampshire Regiment made a great success of it, I feel it really needs a Scotsman. Still, Moore was a Game Ranger, and he must have been happy in his work.

All you do is to sit up at night in a native garden waiting for the Situtunga to come out and feed, and then you shoot them. Mr. A. E. W. Mason has described one or two minor points regarding sitting up at night, which apply. He likens it to "a novice keeping her vigil in her convent chapel through the night before she took her vows . . . the crack of a stick like a thunderclap . . . some tiny animal scampering behind her, the fluttering feet of the dead risen from the tomb; . . . the whirr of a bat, the hovering demons above her head." He says, "You'll see a bird flitting in and out and you will find its flight curiously eerie. . . . Then will follow a silence . . . a yelp like a dog in fear . . . another interval of time will pass—Oh! two or three hundred years!—and in due course my lord himself will come."

So you go there at dusk, and you sit there till morning. All that Mr. Mason says, plus mosquitoes, is all that happens. You go home, have a bath and go to bed.

Well, Capt. Moore got his rifle, painted a thin white line along the rib, put a little white paint on the foresight and went and sat in a garden just round the corner of the Lake from

Mwanza. He sat there for about 27 nights. On the 28th he must have dozed, for there in the pre-dawn twilight he thought he saw two shadowy shapes, and he shot them. The shapes were there all right: one was a fine Eastern type of Situtunga, measuring 27 inches along the front curve, 7½ inches in circumference, and 12½ inches tip to tip, and the other a slightly smaller, typical male of the Western type. At the time these two heads caused considerable stir. It was a truly remarkable occurrence to bring off a right and left on animals that should have been 1,000 miles apart. But just west of Lake Victoria is the divide: the ultimate sources of the Congo and the Nile go their separate ways, and the flora and fauna overlap.

Some people take their Situtunga shooting more lightly altogether, like a certain kind of coarse fishing at home, and I must confess that it makes a "nice day out." You motor in comfort to a series of small swampy lakes, full of duck and geese. You take tea and beer with you. You sit in a dug-out canoe and miss duck as they come over. You get annoyed. You go ashore and puddle about trying to walk up assorted waders, and anything else that obliges. You have a shotgun loaded with No. 4 and S.S.G., at safety. You get into deep papyrus and reeds. Suddenly the swamp explodes, an enormous animal materialises underneath you, you pull both triggers, nothing happens except that you get very wet where you fell in, and—that was a Situtunga, that was. You return to the tea and go home. The beer was finished long before.

Probably, however, the final method is the best. You (a native this time) go out into your garden in the early morning. A few dim shapes



YOUNG FEMALE SITUTUNGA—THE PET OF THE STATION—HELD BY THE VET.

whistle past you, and disappear into the swamp, and then you see a tiny creature, all bewildered and not knowing where to turn, having lost her Ma. You take her along to the Bwana Ngomba, and he consults the Bwana Ngombe; and the doctor and the vet. go into a huddle, and feed the orphan on cow's milk, with a little water and sugar, through a fountain-pen filler. She has free access to the backs of all comers' bare knees, where she likes to suck the salt—we all sweat a bit in Africa—and by and by she gets bigger and can use a bottle.

She becomes the pet of the Station with headquarters in the prison, to the delight of all the happy inmates, enjoying their good, free food, cool quarters and little work; and in the end she achieves the fame of being photographed, after which she is given the run of all Africa. But she always stayed in the Station.

SIGNS BY THE WAY

By E. R. YARHAM

FORTUNATELY for explorers of the countryside, afoot and awheel, our old friends the milestones and signposts are back again. It was remarkable how quickly after the Ministry of Transport asked for them to be replaced they returned to their duties. One morning I travelled along a milestoneless stretch of road, and the next they were all back, looking spruce and fresh, after a period of enforced exile in some hiding-place.

Many milestones, declares the Ministry of Transport, possess considerable archaeological interest, and the story of how we got our road signs (which we never properly valued until we found ourselves in a sad muddle without them) is an interesting one. Of the two, milestones are by far the older, going back to Roman days. They were preceded by mark stones, which originated in almost the earliest days of civilisation in Britain. More of these mark stones have survived than Roman milestones because in the West they were usually of unhewn granite, taken from the moors, and in the East they were huge glacial boulders.

There is a theory, first put forward by Alfred Watkins (*The Old Straight Track*), with plenty of evidence to support it, that the inhabitants of ancient Britain, from Neolithic times, travelled by sighted leys or tracks. As late as the eighteenth century travellers found difficulty in keeping on the roads, so primitive were they. It must have been a bigger problem still 2,000 years and more back, and one sense of the word ley is a "sight," which was taken from one elevation to another in the distance, in order to enable the people to keep the correct course.

The mark was sometimes a prominent natural feature, such as a cleft in a hill, but on the plains large stones were used to site the ley. Many of these mark stones can be seen in East Anglia, the Welsh marches, and others in Cornwall. Although not inscribed with mileage they served a double purpose, showing the traveller that he was on the right path and indicating that so much of the journey had been covered.

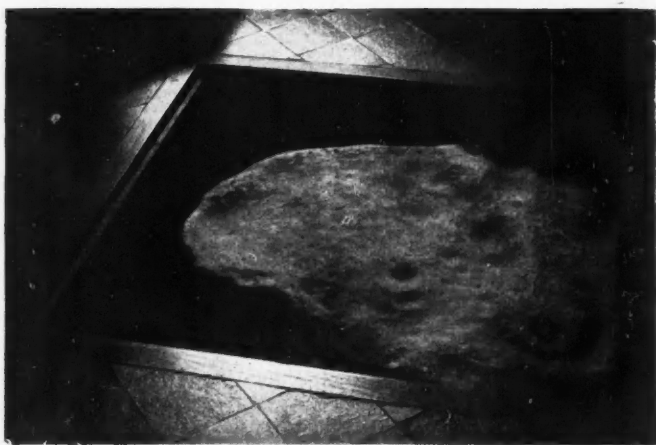
Where two or more tracks met several boulders were used and the rough points of the compass were indicated to tell the traveller which way to take. These cross leys may be

regarded as the beginnings, in numerous cases, of villages. On those sites were built shelters for rest and refreshment; people came there to barter merchandise; and later the first simple shrines were erected for prayer and the administration of the Sacraments. There are many instances of the stone still to be seen worked into the building: such a one has been found, for example, beneath Eversley Church, Hampshire.

The Romans were the first to mark distances along roads with accuracy. Their mile was shorter than the modern standard of that length. A Roman mile consisted of 1,000 double paces. We understand a pace to be the distance covered by each foot in succession, and it ranges from 30 to 33 ins., or even more. The Roman word *passus* meant the distance between the point where the foot left the ground and that where the same foot came down in marching, that is, about 5 ft. This means that the Roman mile is considerably shorter than the English mile, about 1,620 yds. as compared with 1,760 yds.

The Romans are said to have based their measurements from the famous London Stone, believed to have been the *milliarium* of their forum in the capital. Possibly the stone originated as a menhir, erected in Druidic times or even earlier. It survived many vicissitudes until the Great Fire, a calamity that partially disintegrated it, and within a few years it was found that the stone was being almost chipped away.

To protect it the stone was placed against the wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street. Two centuries ago it was nearly 4 ft. high, 2 ft. broad, and a foot thick, with a bronze ornament on the top. By the middle of last century it had been reduced to a foot cube, and, to protect it further, it was placed in a receptacle guarded



THE STONE BENEATH EVERSOLEY CHURCH, HAMPSHIRE
Probably it originally marked a junction of tracks

by an iron grille—an ancient relic of the days when London was small enough for a single stone to be of supreme importance so far as measurement was concerned.

It is believed that outside London the only Roman milestone in its original position is the one at Chesterholme, Northumberland. Down the years many have been removed and others have crumbled in spite of preservative treatment, but this one remains in fair condition. Like other Roman milestones it is cylindrical, and even after a lapse of one and three-quarter thousand years part of the inscription can be made out: *Bono Republicæ Nato*.

After the Romans went, little was done for more than ten centuries, and the measurement of mileage and signposting was inaccurate and haphazard until the seventeenth century. Then steps were taken to improve matters. The mile was officially defined as eight furlongs, but, because for some time longer "statute miles" and "other miles" were both used, many discrepancies were perpetuated. For instance, the carriers made the distance to Birmingham from London 27 miles farther than the Post Office did.

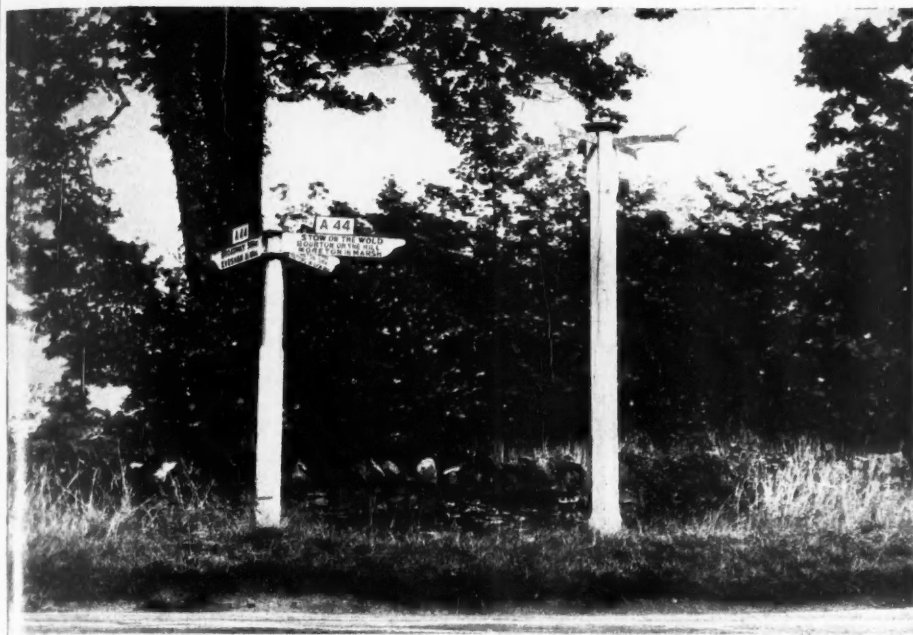
When, in 1835, the Government proposed to regulate the milestones on the great turnpike roads, it was found that only two of the stones then existing were accurately placed—and evidently these were so owing to luck more than anything else. A rather extraordinary story is told to account for the erratic placing of milestones on the London-Brighton road. At one time the reigning monarch was not expected to travel more than 50 miles from London without being accompanied by Ministers. As is well known, George IV was particularly fond of Brighton, and as he disliked the presence of officials on his private jaunts, Brighton was "discovered" to be 49 miles from the Metropolis, and milestones were erected to "prove" it.

The Great North Road is measured from Hick's Hall, or rather from where it formerly stood, in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell. It is also the starting point of the Holyhead and Carlisle roads. The Old North Road *via* Ware and Royston is measured from Shoreditch Church. The Bath, Great West, and Portsmouth Roads are from Hyde Park Corner. Serving not only as a milestone, but as one of the corner posts of the main entrance to Eton College, is a stone bearing the inscription: "21 miles to Hyde Park Corner, 1817." It is much defaced by the drumming heels, and inquisitive sticks and knives, of generations of boys.

Often milestones were erected at the expense of private persons. The people of Croydon, Surrey, for example, erected a series of 13 from the Standard in Cornhill, and these stones proved so useful that the "gentlemen of Sussex" continued them to Brighton *via* East Grinstead. Another interesting set stands on the London-Cambridge road. They were put up at the expense of two members of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, who established a trust of £1,600 to provide funds to keep them in repair.



ROMAN MILESTONE AT CHESTERHOLME, NORTHUMBERLAND
Believed to be the only Roman milestone, outside London, in its original position



OLD AND NEW SIGNPOSTS AT BROADWAY HILL, WORCESTERSHIRE

They bear the black crescent of Trinity Hall shield. On the Eastbourne road are some curious stones which indicate the mileage but carry no wording. Instead there are three bells, reference to the measurement being taken from Bow Church.

Another notable Sussex stone is a very large one at Sheffield Green, erected by Lord Sheffield. At one time the charge for letters was by the mile, and this nobleman had this prominent landmark set up to convince the post-boys if they tried to over-charge him. Humorous inscriptions were not unknown, and there is a noted stone close to Stratford-on-Avon bearing this one:

Six miles to Shakespeare's town, whose fame

Is known throughout the earth;

To Shipston Four, whose lesser fame

Boasts no such poet's birth.

The earliest signposts, like many a milestone, were due to private acts of grace. Celia Fiennes, a young lady of William III's time, who was consumed with curiosity, travelled up and down the country on horseback seeing the sights. Like Arthur Young, the famous writer on agriculture of the next century, she considered the roads atrocious, but she found Lancashire, as it has so often claimed to do, leading the country in one matter. Celia records in her diary: "they have one good thing. . . . That at all Cross wayes there are posts with hands pointing to each road with ye names of ye great town or market towns that it Leads to." This was not general, for in Derbyshire she had to hire guides; the ordinary folk could not help her, because they

knew nothing above two or three miles from home.

Some signposts took the form of what may be called coaching pillars. They were of stone, of various shapes, and served as direction posts, but had no arms. They bore inscriptions at a height convenient for drivers of coaches to read. A notable example of these stands at the junction of the Great North Road with the Old North Road a few miles north of Huntingdon. It is a square pillar surmounted by a ball-finial. There is another at West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

The Highways Act of 1835 laid down rules which led to a much more efficient and national

system of signposting. It ordered: "The Surveyor of every parish . . . shall with the consent of the inhabitants of any parish in vestry assembled, or by the direction of the justices at a special session for the Highways, cause (where there are no such Stones or Posts) to be erected or fixed in the most convenient place where two or more ways meet, a Stone or Post, with inscriptions thereon in large, legible, letters not less than one inch in height, and of a proper and proportionate breadth, containing the name of the next Market Town, village, or other place to which the said highways respectively lead . . ."

What is believed to be the oldest signpost in the country bears the initials N. I., referring to the family of Izods who have been in the district for a long period. This is the Cross Hands, which stands at the top of Broadway Hill, not far from Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire. It is a good example of a signpost erected by landowners.

Four slim iron arms end in pointing hands and bear the following signs:

The Way to Woster,

XVI Miles N. I.

The Way to Oxford,

XXIII Miles. 1669.

The Way to Gloster,

XVIII Miles. N. I.

The Way to Warwick,

XV Miles. 1669.

The arms were produced by careful stamping with an edge-tool and are original, but the distances are not accurate, and one of the roads is no longer in existence. Nevertheless, the old sign is, rightly, carefully preserved, and a modern one stands close by.

Yorkshire people had a name for signposts within living memory. Probably in remote parts it still lingers. A traveller some years back, asking the way to a certain village, was told he would see a "parson" at the top of the hill which would tell him the way. He commented on the very obliging nature of the local clergy, but was subsequently enlightened by his informant telling him that signposts were called parsons "because they point the way but do not go there themselves."



REMAINS OF THE CAMP OF BORCOVICUS, A STATION OF THE ROMAN WALL

TWO ABERDEENSHIRE CASTLES—I

MIDMAR CASTLE

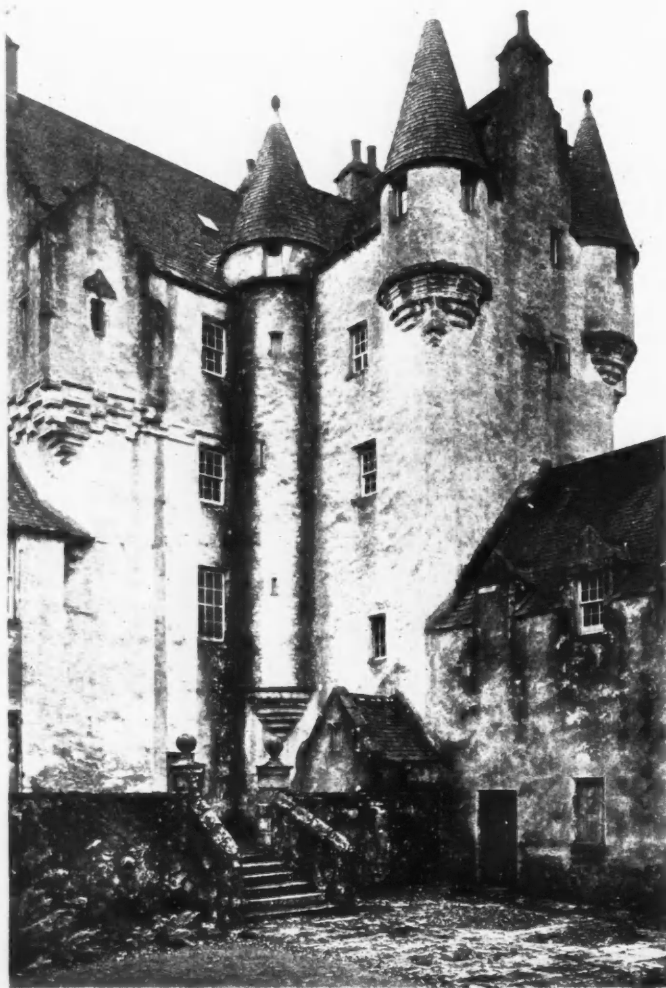
THE PROPERTY OF
MRS. CLAESON GORDON OF CLUNY

By OLIVER HILL

Probably the earliest of the remarkable group of castles built between 1596 and 1625 by the Mid-Mar School of Masons, in the design of which traditional defensive features were used with a new and dramatic decorative force

MIDMAR is the name of one of the subdivisions of an extensive region, originally styled Marr, which lies between the rivers Dee and Don. This district comprised Brae-Marr, so called on account of its being the highest part of the country; Cro-Marr, a lower and more cultivated tract; and Mid-Marr, presumably on account of its central position between the two rivers. The word is derived from the Saxon Mid; and the Gaelic Marr, signifying a black forest. Its territorial chieftains were the Earls of Mar, whose stronghold, Braemar Castle, was built in 1628. Martacius, Earl of Mar, was witness in 1065 to a charter of Malcolm Canmore, but the title goes back even earlier to origins lost in the remote past.

Midmar is situated on the northern slopes of the Hill of Fare, the highest and dominating feature of this region, which reaches to a height of 1,800 feet. This countryside is famous for its druidical stone-circles, stone cairns and the extensive stone-walled enclosures of its hill-forts. These were built by the ancestors of a very remarkable school of Mid-Mar granite-masons, which sprang up here in the late sixteenth century. Within an area no more than 15 miles across they built that group of masterpieces,



(Above) 1.—TURRETS WITH CANDLE-SNUFFER CAPS. DESCENDANTS OF THE BARTIZANS OF EARLIER KEEPS

(Left) 2.—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CASTLE

The terrace to the entrance and adjoining low buildings are later additions

Crathes (1596), Fraser (1617), Drum (1619), Craigievar (1626), and Midmar, which are unrivalled for splendour and character in all Scotland.

Another of the group, and as fine as any, was Cluny; but it has since been absorbed and lost within the mass of a later building; but although little of it remains we can judge its former appearance from the sketches of James Skene of Rubislaw (1778-1864).

By the reign of James VI, the conditions of the country and the consequent prosperity were stable enough to foster a new era of castle-building. Scotland's commercial intercourse with England was growing and her merchants acquiring large accessions of wealth. The castles they built are significant of the high standard of taste prevailing. It is interesting to note how tenaciously the old masons held to the traditions of their craft, how they retained features belonging to the time when castles were built expressly for defence, apparently for no reason except respect for their associations. The whimsical angle turrets of the Scottish Baronial, with their tall, candle-snuffer caps, which contribute so much to the fantastic silhouette of the castles, are the direct descendants of the staid, overhanging angle parapets or bartizans on the walls of the earlier keeps; and with what zest these builders translated the old, grim machicolations into lovely bands of corbelling—where the interplay of broken and staggered moulding reveals both the inventiveness and the delight of the old masons in showing off their skill (Fig. 3). Castle-building had become a glorious affair, a combination of old and new ideas.

Of the history of Midmar, or Ballogie as it was at one time called, little is known. Tradition says it was built by Sir William Wallace, when Governor of Scotland, as a hunting-seat for his friend Sir Thomas Longavale. From its plan-form it appears to date from the late sixteenth century, for it is built on what is known as the Z plan, an arrangement evolved for defensive purposes, which prevailed from about 1550, when muskets had become the weapons in general use. In this type of plan the main central part is flanked by round or square towers, *en echelon*, thus ensuring that the greater part of the walls were protected by enfilading fire. The entrance, the most vulnerable part, and there would probably be only one, was usually

3.—THE SUN GLEAMS ON THE LOVELY ORIGINAL TEXTURE OF WHITE HARLE, ENRICHED BY THE INTRICATE MOULDINGS OF THE CORBELLING, AND WITH AN OLD SUN-DIAL SILHOUETTED AGAINST IT

placed in a re-entrant angle for special protection. Castles of the time must have bristled with muskets from the shot-holes or gun-loops, carefully sited in all manner of unexpected places; these were also often contrived beneath windows, the hole being just large enough to receive the barrel of a musket and widely splayed on the inside face. In some cases these loops were designed with considerable elaboration, as we shall show in an example from Castle Fraser next week.

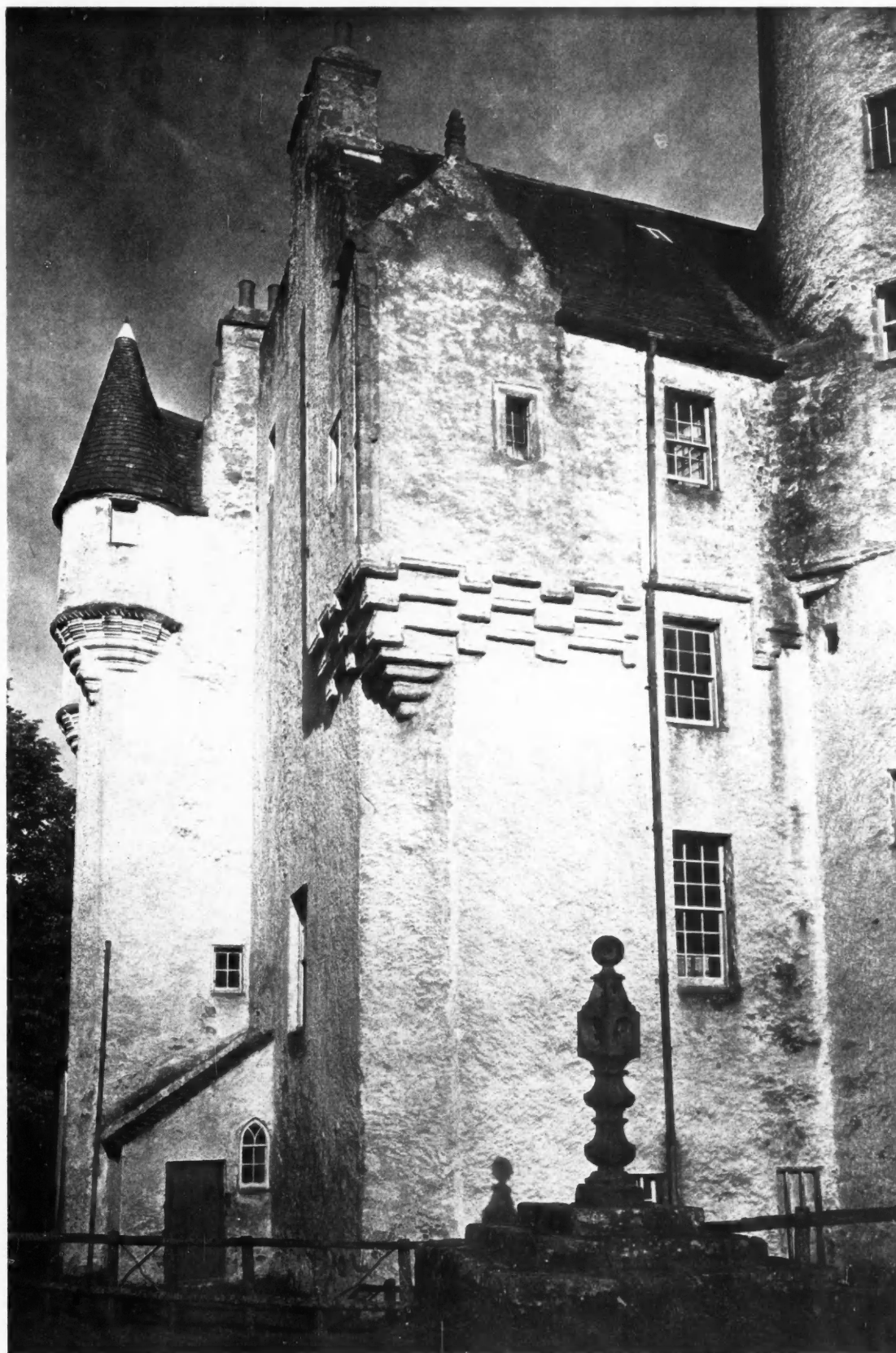
The wooded approach to Midmar shuts out a view of the castle until a sudden turn in the drive brings one directly up to it. It stands in a grove of noble beeches by the side of a miniature glen and looks out on to the fir- and heather-covered flanks of the encircling hills, while, to the north, a rich and variegated agricultural plain stretches away to the Don. The plan shows the extent of the original castle, the central part with the circular and square flanking towers at diagonal corners being shown darker than the more recent range of low buildings forming the open courtyard round the terrace. The square tower contains the only entrance and also the straight, wide stairs leading up to the Great Hall on the first floor. This type of stairway was an innovation from England then just coming into vogue; the upper floors are reached by the more usual wheel-stairs within circular turrets. The old stone-vaulted kitchen occupies the central part of the ground floor, with the hall above on the first floor. The withdrawing-room is above the hall and the bedrooms occupy the top floor and the two towers. The two stair turrets are placed in the angles on both the north and south sides. The former, shown in Fig. 2, springs from corbelling beside the entrance; that on the south side (Fig. 5) continues through the six storeys of the tall circular tower and is crowned by a delightful ogee-

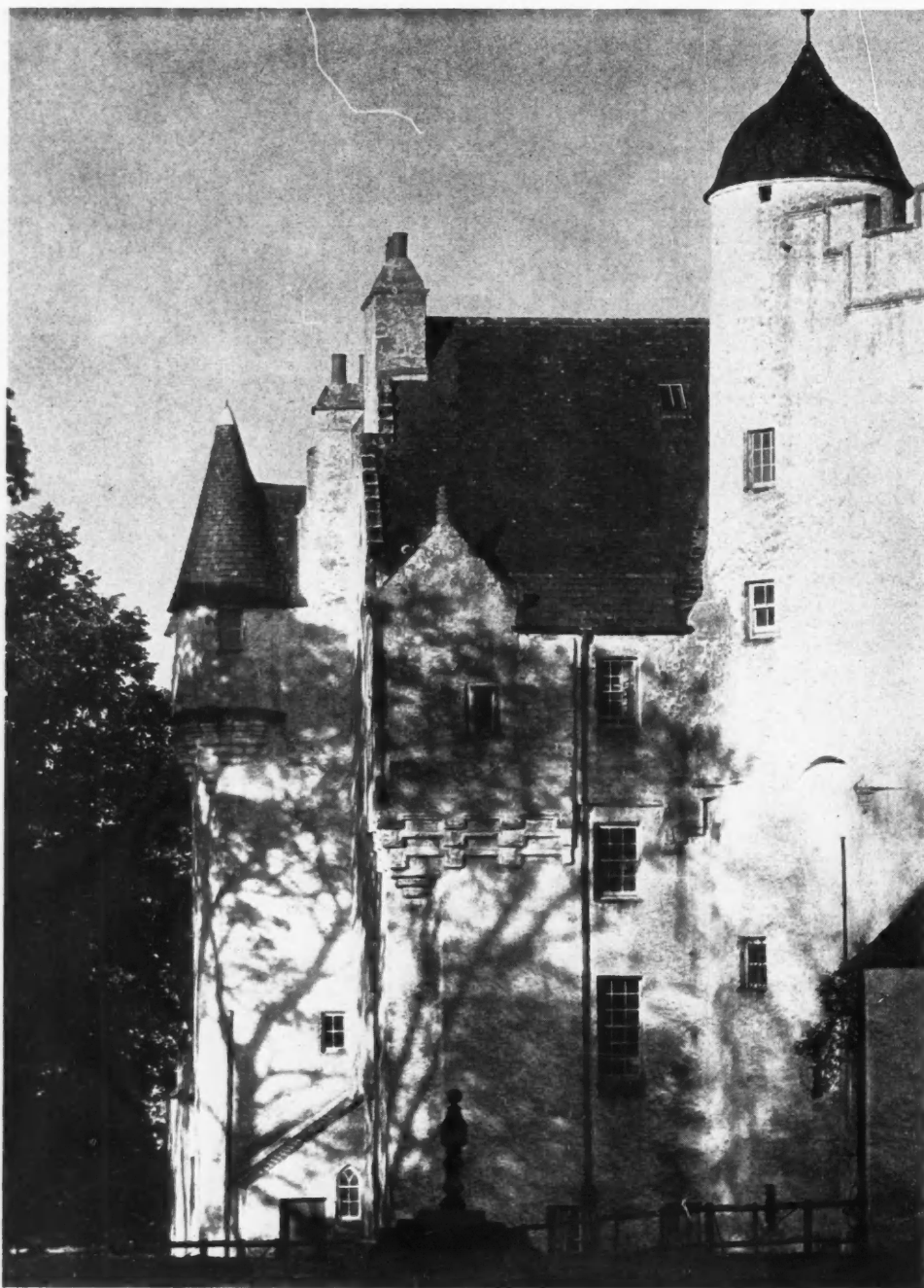
shaped roof. A detail of this, viewed from the roof terrace, is shown in Fig. 7, which also shows the stone seat thoughtfully provided for the frailer members of the household and built into the adjoining parapet.

Fig. 1 shows the turrets on the square tower with their chequered corbelling and characteristic cable motif. The recess on the splayed angle below was formed for a heraldic panel, but this has unfortunately disappeared.

The long sash windows on both the

north and south sides are later insertions and tend to destroy the scale. The original windows were comparatively small in size, as may be seen in those still remaining near the top, with their bold roll-moulded surrounds. In contrast with our practice to-day, the windows in these places were generally larger with each successive storey in height, as shown here by those in the two-stair turrets. Arresting and unusual features of Midmar are the two squared projections above the external angles of the centre part





(Left) 4.—AUTUMN SHADOW PATTERNS ON WHITE HARLE

The south-east corner, with parts of the north-east and north-west diagonal towers

Gordons of Cluny, will return to it; for it must be a joyous place to live in. The rooms do not seem to have changed much since James VI's time and several of them retain their contemporary pine panelling; a corner of the withdrawing-room is shown in Fig. 10.

Adjoining the castle on the east side is the old high-walled garden; entered by a close gate in the wall beneath a great yew tree. Untended for years, the beds with their bleached fruit-trees and the walks alike are now overspread by a thick carpeting of sedums. One's feet sink into this living cushion and the soundlessness expresses the spirit of this remote and unsought place.

A two-storey garden-house stands in one corner, its upper chamber reached by an outside flight of stairs; and, built into the adjoining garden wall, are the recesses for the bee-skeeps (Fig. 8). Their dignified architectural setting is evidence of the importance of their function, and the drowsy hum of bees must have contributed to the other harmonies of this lovely retreat where, even now, one can still forget the world beyond.

In the old kirkyard of Midmar, not far away, lies a thick granite slab bearing the inscription :—

HEIR LYIS GEORG BELL MEASON
DECEISIT IN BALOGY ANO 1575.

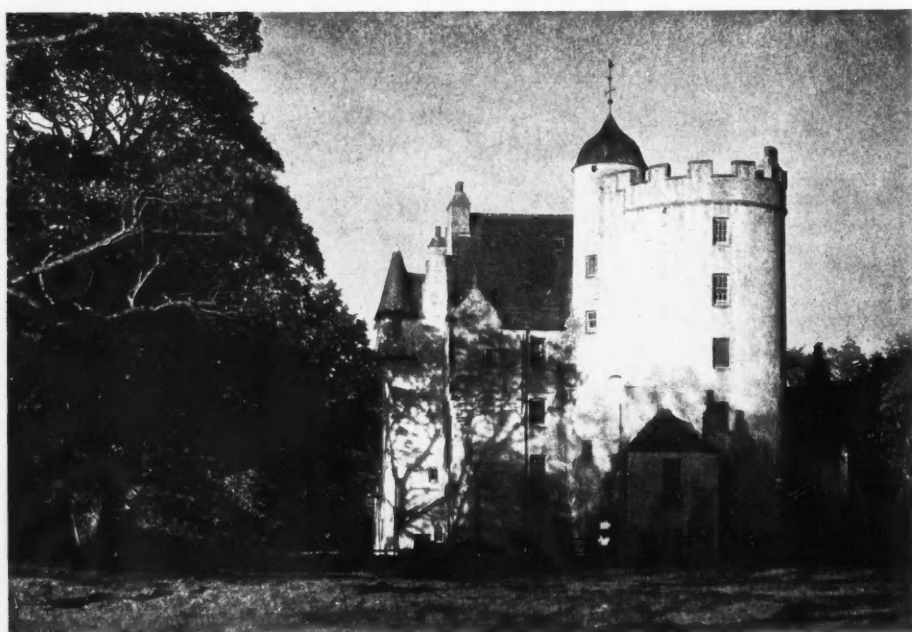
This George Bell was, no doubt, the master-mason of Midmar, known at the time as Ballogie. On Castle Fraser, less than five miles distant, there is a small tablet bearing its own master-mason's signature and date, viz., I. Bell, 1617. These two Bells were in all probability members of the same family of local masons. They may have been father and son, for Castle Fraser, which will be illustrated next week, shows many of the characteristics of Midmar.

(To be concluded)

(Figs. 3 and 6), with their exciting label-form corbelling. Their roofs are in sharp contrast to the circular turrets and demonstrate the masons' lively quest for variety in their designs.

Midmar holds the visitor under a spell; it is so perfectly placed and is in itself so charming and so minute. Notwithstanding the reputed blood-stained floor, dungeons and underground passages leading, tradition avers, to the nearby glen, the place is felt to radiate friendliness. Perhaps, time and the care of tending hands have eradicated all but the happy memories from the past. Its last occupants were three aged but hospitable sisters, the Misses Gordon, who lived here in mid-Victorian times. Although now uninhabited, it has always been carefully preserved and needs discretion rather than adjustment to bring it back to use. I hope one day its owners, the

(Right) 5.—THE ROUND SOUTH-WEST TOWER OF THE CASTLE SET IN A NOBLE GROVE OF BEECHES



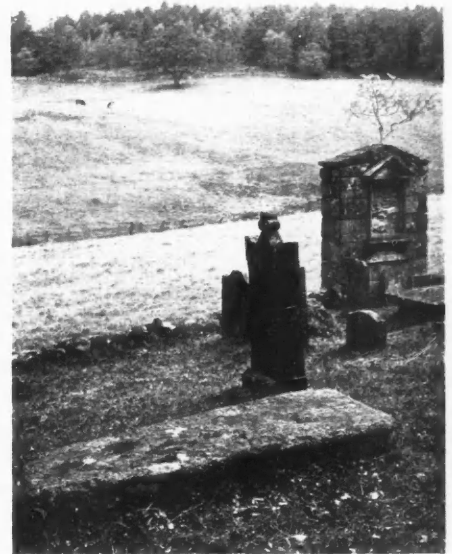
(light) 6.—THE SILHOUETTE
OF THE NORTH SIDE



7.—THE TOP OF THE SOUTH STAIR
TURRET. With the stone seat for the ladies



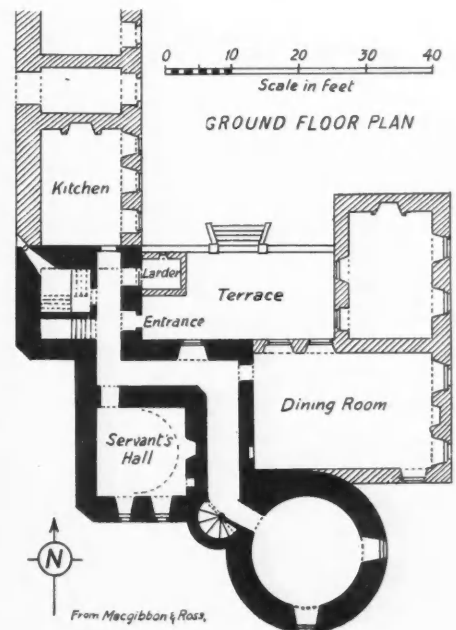
8.—RECESSES FOR BEE-SKEPS
In the walled garden



9.—THE MASON GEORGE BELL'S GRAVE
(The flat stone in the foreground.) 1575



10.—A CORNER OF THE PINE-PANELLED WITHDRAWING-ROOM



CHRIST CHURCH FURNITURE—II

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By W. G. HISCOCK

THE 18th-century expansion of Christ Church began with the re-building of Peckwater Quadrangle (1706-11), to the design of Dean Henry Aldrich—the rooms of which were left unwainscoted. But several undergraduates, feeling the need for comfort and interior decoration of their rooms, had some of the chambers in the north range of the quadrangle wainscoted at their own expense in 1710. This panelling is a fine example of the work of George Smith, one of the College carpenters. More of his panelling is in the house in Kilcanon (formerly used by the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History).

Only a small portion of the Peckwater Accounts survives, and no details of any other furnishing are known. It is probable, however, that some pieces were supplied by the College, and undergraduates would take over such furniture—at a valuation—and on "going down" would doubtless be charged for any damage due to neglect or misuse. College furnishing of this period—or rather, that of a few years earlier—can be judged from the fitting-up of the Scholars' Chambers in Pembroke College in 1693-97: in 1693 bedsteads, tables, and shelves for two studies were made by Hugh Prother (a joiner who worked for many years in Pembroke and made the Pembroke Hall tables—which are in use to-day—in 1697) for £2 14s.; in 1697 bedding, chairs and a curtain for two chambers cost £15; Prother's charges in 1697 for three bedsteads, a table, and shelves for two chambers was £13 2s. Dr. Bernard Gardiner—when writing to Archbishop Wake—tells us that at All Souls' in 1719 the senior choristers were "measured for bedsteads to be made for them according to custom," but it is doubtful if undergraduates residing for three or four years were so carefully accommodated.

There are a number of Windsor chairs in various parts of Christ Church, and, although a proportion of them have been purchased within the last century, the remainder include specimens which have been in use by the undergraduates since the eighteenth century. In the Senior Common Room there is a well-preserved set of Windsors constructed of yew.

A fire in Christ Church dining-hall in 1720 rendered necessary certain re-decoration of that building which was carried out by William Townesend, the Christ Church mason and most prolific Oxford master-mason of the eighteenth century. He designed, *inter alia*, the wainscot for the east end; this is the estimate, dated 1722:

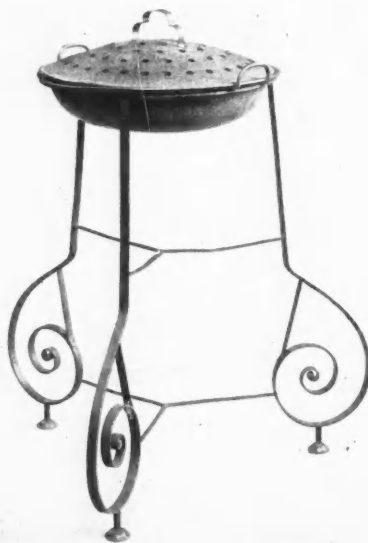
To wainscott boath sides of ye Est End of Christ Church Hall in ye Ionick Order finding all materials £350



1.—(Above) CHRIST CHURCH LIBRARY THE UPPER ROOM. 1752

Woodwork by George Shakespeare and John Phillips. Plasterwork by Thomas Roberts

2.—(Left) CHARCOAL BRAZIER; COPPER BOWL AND LID, ON IRON STAND. Circa 1770



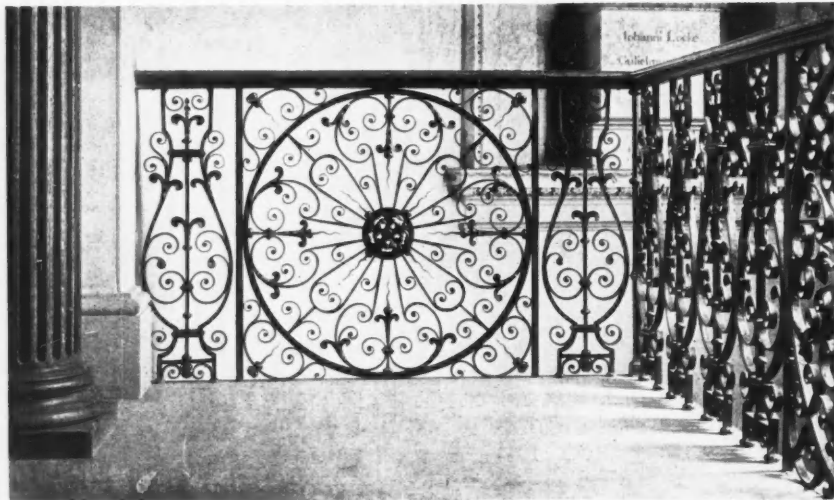
The details of Townesend's design can be gathered—in some measure—from a valuation taken when the panelling was dismantled—to increase the hanging-space required for the growing portrait collection—and sold in 1799: Valuation of Ionic Columns, Bases, Capitals, 6 pilasters, 4 smaller ditto, entablature and frieze, with wainscot from the sides of columns and pediments over... £47 10s.

Now it is interesting to note that, after the William and Mary chairs of 1692 mentioned in my previous article, the next record of furniture proper supplied to Christ Church in the eighteenth century does not appear until 1764. Therefore the only examples of the Queen Anne period are derived from extraneous sources and they are not of special interest. The primary reason for this lack of commissioned furniture is that no building—except Peckwater—took place between 1682—when Tom Tower was completed by Wren—and the protracted building of the new Library, which, although begun in 1717, was not ready for furnishing until 1764.

Perhaps it is permissible to mention one item of this period: in 1739 the kitchen was provided with a new meat-dresser, which is the oldest kitchen "furniture" still in use—though severely worn by the cook's hatchet. According to legend it was constructed from an elm blown down in the Broad Walk in Christ Church Meadow during a Winter gale. A chopping-block sawn from the greatest girth of the same tree was also installed; this too survives.

The existence of the Library Building Accounts adds enormously to any review of its 18th-century furniture. These are invaluable in providing nearly all possible information of the work of masons, plasterers, carvers, carpenters, iron-workers and cabinet-makers. Furthermore, the building stands to-day—with its contemporary fittings and furniture practically unspoilt—as an interesting addition to our documented 18th-century structures.

The interior decoration of the Library dates from 1752 (Fig. 1), when the panelling and shelving of the first-floor rooms was begun, and the shelving installed on the walls of the first floor. For this work the joiners George



3.—LIBRARY STAIRCASE BALUSTRADE, BY NATHAN COOPER

Shakespeare and John Phillips* of Oxford were paid during the years 1752-62 the sum of £2,620. All this woodwork was carried out in Norwegian oak of a warm, reddish tone. The first floor itself—of English oak—was laid down by Jer. Franklin, the carpenter who had worked in association with William Townesend at the Queen's College in 1733-34. Thomas Roberts the plasterer and carver was responsible for the wood-carving of the Ionic Order, with fluted columns and pilasters—also in Norwegian oak; the book-cases of the same Order are his, too, with their heavy entablatures which were to be so soon out-moded by the influence of the brothers Adam. This is not the place to enlarge upon Roberts's work, but he is known also for the ceiling of St. John's College Senior Common Room, the older portion of the Queen's Library ceiling, and for some of the stucco in the Codrington Library at All Souls'. Other work by Roberts includes the vaulted plaster ceiling (1738) of the colonnade of Magdalen's New Buildings, and probably the decoration of Honington Hall, Warwickshire, and Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire. A Heythrop he made the stucco ornaments, and decorated the Great Parlour at Fusham in 1764.

The elegant iron balustrade of the stone staircase of Christ Church Library (Fig. 3) was the work of Nathan Cooper in 1762, who received £90; its handsome mahogany hand-rail—by the joiner George Shakespeare—at 7s. 3d. per foot cost £22 9s. 6d. The standard of the Library furniture was set by Chippendale, and maintained by the College carpenter and two Oxford cabinet-makers. Here is the extract—

from the building accounts—of Chippendale's contribution. (His actual bill does not survive):

1764. July 21. Mr. Chippendale's Bill for
Stools for the Library... £38 15 0
For carriage of the Stools
from London ... 0 18 6

(See Fig. 4.) The number of stools is not mentioned and the quantity supplied can be estimated only by comparing his account with those of Robert Wilkins, the College carpenter, and Richard Powell, an Oxford cabinet-maker, both of whom also supplied stools for the Library. Wilkins's bill in 1765 was £40 7s. 6d. "for tables and stools"; Powell was paid £16 7s. 6d. in 1774 "for tables and stools" also. As the present number of stools is 26, it is reasonable to suppose that Chippendale



4.—STOOL, ONE OF TWELVE. BY CHIPPENDALE. 1764

supplied one dozen, another dozen being copied a year later by Wilkins and the other two being the work of Powell.

The stools do not appear in any edition of the *Director*—the third edition of which was published in 1762—and are almost certainly Chippendale's own design of 1764, specially drawn for, and supplied to Christ Church from his workshop at St. Martin's Lane. They are of very dark mahogany, with "dipped" seats, a small acanthus carving, and a circular floral ornament. Chippendale's name has not so far been associated with this type of stool; it will be remembered that the Mersham Hatch examples are of the long-window type, and the Coleshill stool (Fig. 62, Macquoid and Edwards, III, 177) has not been definitely ascribed to him, though this evidence from Christ Church may go some way towards confirmation that it is from his workshop.

The copies made by Robert Wilkins a year later are extraordinarily good; although somewhat lighter in weight, and in colour almost a walnut shade, they are, perhaps, of even greater refinement than the originals: in workmanship there is nothing to choose between them. These 24 stools constitute a fine and unique set. The two by Powell are slightly lacking in height, but otherwise equally excellent.

In 1765, James, another Oxford cabinet-maker, supplied some mahogany library steps to match the Chippendale stools. These are of fineness and solidity, in the decoration of which

the Chippendale circular floral ornament of the stools was incorporated (Fig. 7). A year earlier the same craftsman made five "mahogany desks" for £40; with their sloping sides they could be used for reading and for holding the folio catalogues of the Library. To-day, in normal times, they are used for supporting the show-cases. Richard Powell made chairs in 1773 for the Audit House, his bill for six being £15 12s. These chairs may possibly have been lost in the fire of 1809, when the south-west corridor of the Great Quadrangle was badly gutted. There are, however, in the Library, a set of six mahogany chairs of this period for which no other entry in the accounts or donations has been identified, and they may well be the salvaged Audit House chairs, previously thought to be the work of Hepplewhite (Fig. 5). They are of fine workmanship, with carved oval backs and original hair-cloth seats.

Two copper charcoal-braziers on iron stands provided heat for the Library; utilitarian rather than decorative (Fig. 2), they are probably the work of Prujean, the College smith of the 1770s—whose bills appear without details—or possibly of the iron-worker Nathan Cooper, who made the staircase balustrade.

If "utilitarian rather than decorative" describes the remaining contemporary reading-tables, they are, nevertheless, attractive in their simple dignity. But there is no doubt that the pieces described as the products of Robert Wilkins, James, and, particularly, Richard Powell, illustrate the high standard of Oxford craftsmanship in the later eighteenth century, and strengthen the conviction that much of the furniture attributed to Chippendale and Hepplewhite is, in fact, the work of comparatively unknown cabinet-makers.

It is believed that many of the colleges in Oxford will discover, when their accounts are examined, that they possess various pieces made by Prujean, James, and Powell, or other men perhaps equally competent. For instance, the accounts of the Queen's College recently revealed that Powell made a mahogany orrery case in 1766 for £24 which had hitherto been regarded as by Chippendale. He also made in the same year a fire-screen for the Common Room of Queen's.

Among the remaining 18th-century furniture in Christ Church is much that is without documentation. In this category are two globes and their cases of mahogany in the Library which are certainly contemporary, the stands of the globes probably the work of Vile and Cobb of St. Martin's Lane (Fig. 6).

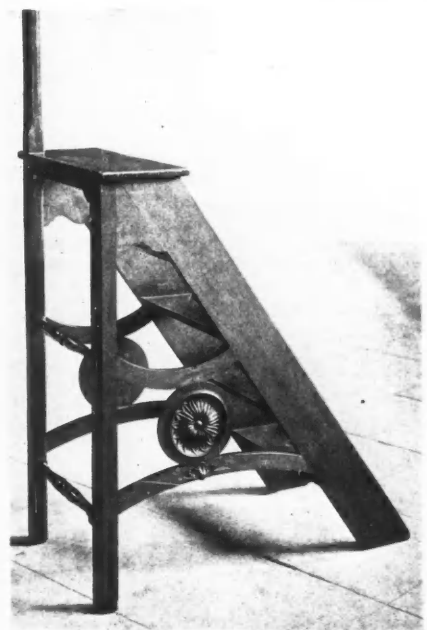
Mr. Hiscock's previous article on Christ Church furniture appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of December 8.



5.—CHAIR, ONE OF A SET, BY RICHARD POWELL. 1773



6.—GLOBE. THE STAND POSSIBLY BY VILE AND COBB. Total height 33 ins.



7.—MAHOGANY LIBRARY STEPS. BY JAMES. 1765

* Vertue met Phillips in Oxford on August 13, 1750 (Vertue, Add. Mss. 23073: Walpole Soc. Vertue IV, 80)

CLAY-SHINGLE ROOFING

By E. MAY

FOR many years after the war there will be a serious shortage of all customary building materials, even after the pre-war sources for the supply of the building market have reopened. It will be difficult, if not impossible, for thousands of families to build houses of their own as long as the bulk of building material has to be absorbed for extensive reconstruction schemes in towns which have suffered war damage.

In these circumstances it will be the duty of all those who are professionally connected with housing, be they architects or contractors, to open up new ways that may shorten the waiting period for the many who, while longing for a home built by customary methods, would have no chance to attain their aim at an early date.

Research will, no doubt, discover new ways, and many unorthodox materials may find a place in buildings of the future, but, at the same time, we must endeavour to make available for our purpose natural serviceable materials which need little or no handling before they can be used for building.

Clay plays a predominant part among such raw materials. We all know it as the basic

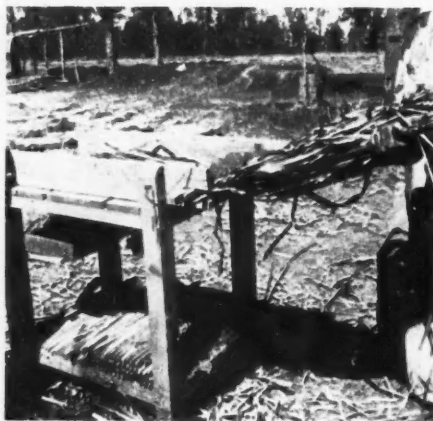
attempts were made to revive an early forgotten craft, the making of roof shingles, whose only components were natural raw materials—straw and clay. These experiments, which were carried out in Silesia and which did not improve in any way on the traditional rules of clay-shingle making, found only a restricted application.

The present shortage in Kenya Colony and the exorbitant prices of customary roofing materials led again to similar experiments, with the result that a clay-shingle technique was developed which, though based on the traditional Continental technique by the introduction of the hanging-pegs and various other improvements, can now be considered as fool-proof and widely applicable, especially for all types of country building.

A clay-shingle is made by working clay into a layer of straw, reed or grass in such a way that the finished shingle consists of a layer of straw mixed with clay on the underside, while the top is formed by grass only.



1.—CLAY-SHINGLES ON A SECTION OF THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY CLUB, NAIROBI



(Left). 2.—REEDS ARE SPREAD ON A TABLE SO THAT HALF THEIR LENGTH OVERLAPS THE NEAR END. THE SHINGLE-STICK IS ALSO SEEN IN POSITION. (Middle). 3.—THE OVERLAPPING ENDS OF THE REEDS ARE BENT BACK OVER THE SHINGLE-STICK. (Right). 4.—TWO HANGING-PEGS PROJECT FROM THE UNDERSIDE OF THE SHINGLE TO HOLD THE SHINGLE ON THE ROOF BATTENS

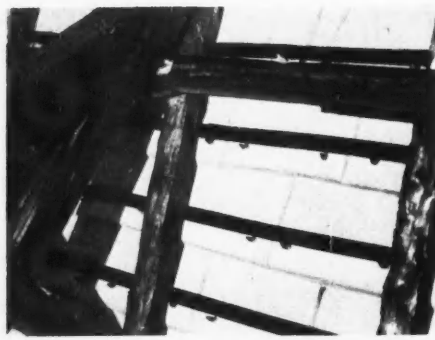
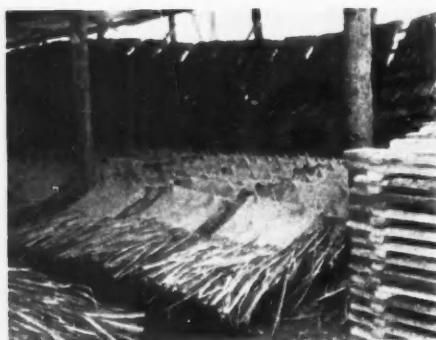
material for bricks and tiles, but we also know that the transformation of clay into these finished products requires transport and coal, not to mention the requisite plant. We also know from our experiences after the last war how short coal and transport are going to be when reconstruction programmes of gigantic dimensions are waiting to be realised.

After the last war similar circumstances led to the revival of the old pisé technique, which only recently, in the form of clay concrete, has been developed into a widely applicable fool-proof building method. Then also

The outside appearance of a roof covered with clay-shingles is identical with ordinary thatch, but the inside shows no straw, only courses of clay-covered shingles.

The straw, reed or whatever kind of grass may be used for their making is spread over a table with a flanking board on each side (Fig. 2). Half of the length of the grass is overlapping the near side of the table. A shingle-stick, whose pointed ends project a few inches over the sides of the table, is now inserted into the slots cut out of the near ends of the flanking boards and well bedded in clay-mortar. The overlapping ends (Fig. 3) of the grass are

bent back over the shingle-stick and more clay is applied to a strip approximately 14 ins. wide along the shingle-stick. This clay is carefully worked into the straw by means of a pointed stick and then the upper surface of the shingle, which will form the underside of the shingle on the roof, is smoothed with a trowel. Two pointed pegs are inserted from the underside of the shingle (Fig. 4) and then the finished shingle is withdrawn by pulling it over the near side of the table, gripping the projecting ends of the shingle-stick. The shingle is then stacked for drying (Fig. 5) which under normal climatic conditions will



(Left). 5.—FINISHED SHINGLES STACKED. (Middle). 6.—CLAY-SHINGLES HUNG AS ORDINARY TILES. (Right). 7.—SHINGLES IN POSITION

proceed so quickly that the shingle can be hung after 24-48 hours.

The standard shingle measures 3 ft. by 1 ft. 6 ins., is 3-4 ins. thick, and weighs, when dry, approximately 18 lb.

The hanging of the shingles is carried out in the same way as with burnt tiles. They are hung with their hanging-pegs to 1-in. by 2-in. battens spaced at 12-in. centres (Figs. 6 and 7). This means that every part of the roof is covered with a threefold layer of shingles. The pitch of the roof should be 50-55 degrees.

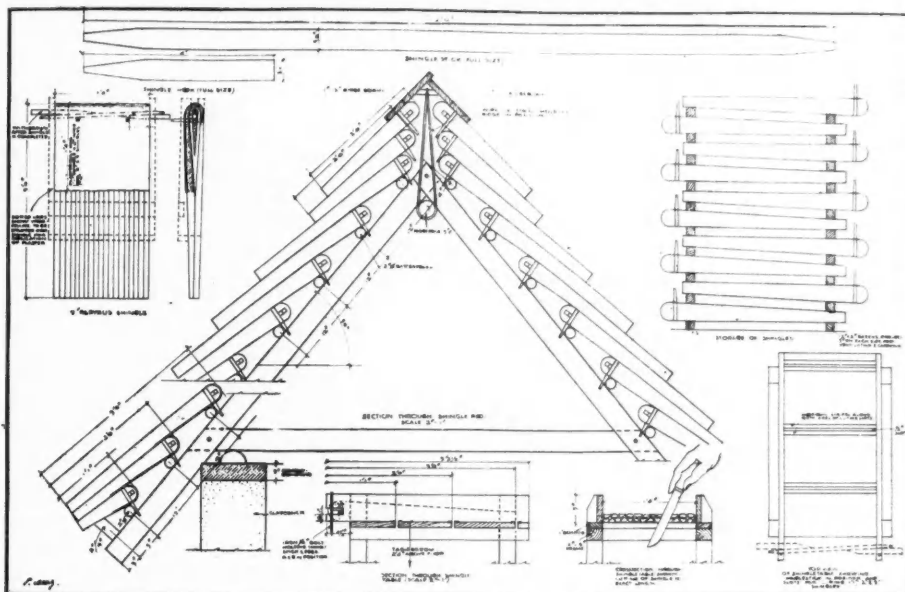
No cut timber need be used for the roof construction, and any kind of straight poles will do, which contributes considerably to the economy of the roofing.

Clay-shingles can be made by unskilled labour; the shingles used for the house shown in Fig. 1 were all made and hung by unskilled natives.

The highest degree of economy will be obtained where a good brick clay and straw are available on the spot or in the immediate neighbourhood of the building site.

Clay-shingle roofs are not only entirely waterproof, even with tropical downpours, but are also fireproof in so far as, though the outside thatch covering may be burnt, no harm is done to the actual roof construction. This fact establishes a considerable superiority for the clay-shingle roof as compared to ordinary thatch.

Together with thatch, clay-shingle roofing maintains an equable inside temperature for the buildings so roofed.



8.—SECTIONS THROUGH SHINGLE TABLE AND CLAY-SHINGLE ROOF

For all utilitarian purposes, such as covering of agricultural buildings of various types, the inside of the roof showing clay-shingles with slightly cracked clay surfaces remains untouched, though a coat of limewash may be found useful to lighten the inside of the building.

Whenever a clay-shingle roof is shown as an open roof over living-rooms, a neat finish to the shingles is obtained by applying a coat of lime plaster.

Clay-shingle roofs, like thatched roofs, merge harmoniously into the landscape.

A FORWARD GLANCE

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

CHRISTMAS has come with New Year's Day hard on its heels. It is a time of year at which in peaceful days many a writer, whatever his particular bent, drew a sigh of relief; his inventive powers could take a little rest since, for two weeks, the calendar had given him subjects; he could write one article looking back on the old year and another looking forward to the new. That full and happy provision is no longer made for him as far as golf is concerned. There is roughly speaking nothing to look back upon except an ever increasing shortage of golf balls, but surely with the end of 1944 he may indulge in some anticipatory delights. A kind correspondent wrote to me the other day saying that he thought we were now dormy in the war. He worked out the analogy between the war and golf with great ingenuity, beginning with the time in distant 1939 when we did not want to play and had suddenly to do so with in some respects a scratch set of clubs. There is certainly a feeling of dormy in the air and without too much "wishful thinking" or "slackening of effort" perhaps we may treat ourselves to just a glance forward and reflect for a moment on the golf that we hope for again some day. A small girl of my acquaintance on being told that she was to be given a puppy said "May I get under the table to think about it?" So we may get, at least metaphorically, under our Anderson or Morrison shelter for that pleasant purpose.

If there had been no war I know well what I should have been thinking and writing about at this moment. I have done it shamefully often but with a brazen face I should have done it yet again. I should have described my prospective journey to Aberdovey in a friend's car with a profligate wealth of detail as to our lunch on a very particular patch of grass on Bromyard Common. That is, however, one of the joys that have, I hope only temporarily, ceased with the coming of war, and the reader need have no fears. The subject is not, however, entirely dragged in by the heels, because I fancy that the golf that most of us look forward to most keenly is of that purely private and friendly sort. The "big bow-wow" of championships will be very

pleasant when it comes and may it come soon! But what we want most is just golf, quite mild golf, on a happy hunting-ground which each must determine for himself.

Whatever happens it seems almost too much to hope for many "big" events in the coming year. The last war stopped in November, but in the following year I cannot remember much except the *Daily Mail* tournament and the *Golf Illustrated* Vase until the Autumn arrived. Possibly a little more energy might have produced more, and this time I am sure the authorities will be teed up and ready to start as soon as may be; but we must not hope for more than is reasonable, even if all goes as well as it possibly can. I have been thinking about the events, the minor events as compared with championships, which I would choose first if I had an enchanter's wand, and will make bold to name them. At least I may stimulate the reader to dream happily of his own particular loves, and I fancy he will find, as I do, that each of them has a fixed home. Championships, great and exciting fun though they be, are movable feasts. That which most appeals to our sentimental and romantic feelings is something that happens year after year in one hallowed spot.

So it is at least with me and my very first choice would be the President's Putter at Rye. Alas! that it is quite a hopeless one, for by sacred tradition that tournament takes place in January, which is altogether too near. So I must pass Rye for another year and move forward to the early Spring, to the Halford Hewitt Cup and an equally immutable battleground, Deal. That is in effect, I am afraid, no better. I can imagine myself with some satisfaction hiding from the icy blast in one particular little sandy cavern and watching the balls come plumping down on the new Sandy Parlour green; but it is "only a beautiful picture" and Deal with its cohorts of old boys must wait till 1946.

Leaving championships on one side I shall skip right through the Summer. Surely there must be hope by the end of September, hope of such a reunion as never was for the Autumn

Medal at St. Andrews. The course is there and in very good order, as I can testify from my own eyes, and one day's play does not need any vast amount of preparation. I trust the cannon is in working order to acclaim Mr. Roger Wethered's long-postponed drive as the new captain and the question of where he will hit it opens up a pleasing if irreverent field of speculation. I see with a prophetic eye the caddies fanning out, to use a now fashionable phrase, very wide and very, very deep. If I cannot play, and I am afraid it seems unlikely, at least I can dine. I must take a look at my red coat which has reposed so long in its cupboard, though I trust no moth has corrupted it.

Then what next after St. Andrews? The *News of the World* tournament would be very agreeable, though I make a stipulation in my own mind that it should be played at Walton Heath, which is most emphatically its "spiritual home." A day's watching of the ladies at Ranelagh would be welcome too, with the leaves being for ever swept off the home green; but the one thing on which in my anticipation I must really insist is Worpleston. Of course it must have bright and sunshiny St. Luke's Summer weather, for the bad old days when it rained all the time and I got all my clothes wet through and then some of my kind host's, are now, let us hope, but memories. I should dearly like to see another ball splash into the pond at the tenth before I die and as a thank-offering I solemnly vow that I will walk the whole length of that long eleventh hole, instead of waiting lazily for the players to come back to me at the twelfth. I might even in my enthusiasm walk the first three holes but there is so tempting a grand stand looking down on the fourth green that this would be too much zeal.

It is of no manner of use expecting a Walker Cup or a Ryder Cup match, for both of them, whenever they are renewed, are due to be played in America. When they are played I must assume that there will be a good many new faces on both sides. A saying of an old great-uncle of mine often quoted as a family joke was "I suppose forty years do make some odds in a girl" and I, too, suppose that six or

seven years make some odds in a golfer. To read through the *Who's Who* of golf is to discover with a shock that several of our most illustrious players, men whom one would be disposed to choose straight away, are now over, and one or two of them well over, forty. It is very hard to remember that golfing time does not stand still in the war, and forty, though by no means a fatal age, may yet make some odds.

There are one or two entirely personal and private pleasures to which all golfers must be looking forward. One is that of some day hitting

the first shot with a brand new ball. I do not mean one that was new in 1939 and has been reposing wrapped up in its paper ever since and losing during all those years, if I have the term aright, its coefficient of elasticity. I mean a ball fresh from the hands of the maker. It is at least a pleasing dream that it will fly off the club as did the first Haskell one ever hit, now two and forty years ago. Then it would not be amiss to buy a new club, not because one needs it but from pure wantonness of joyful extravagance. It is one that I have certainly not committed since 1939, and a new wooden club or two would

not be unpardonable. There is yet another satisfaction of a rather different order which I can confidently promise myself, if I play. It is that of getting thoroughly cross again over the game; I do not mean a mild depression of spirits but a fine burst of fury. Of course it would be much better not to indulge in it, but it would be the best possible evidence of a renewed interest in the game. Golf has mattered so little for such a long time and other things have mattered so dreadfully much that a shaft tempestuously broken over the knee would be a symbol of happiness.

CORRESPONDENCE

KING GEORGE III'S JUBILEE TEA-SET

SIR,—Since the publication in COUNTRY LIFE of my recent article on the Wedgwood tea-set made to commemorate the Jubilee of King George III and used by his daughter Princess Elizabeth on the morning of the Jubilee, I have been questioned as to the date of that event.

The accession of King George III took place on the sudden death of his grandfather, King George II, at Kensington Palace on October 25, 1760; and October 25, 1809, the day on which he entered upon the glorious fiftieth year of his reign, was chosen by his grateful subjects for the celebration of his Jubilee and as a day of national rejoicing.

King George III—"Farmer George," as he was affectionately called, who "gloried in the name of Briton"—was immensely popular with the general public and this occasion was marked by festivities in every town and village throughout the country. Many detailed descriptions of the events which then took place were individually recorded in a volume published in Birmingham under the following title:—

An Account of the Celebration of the Jubilee, on the 25th October, 1809; being the forty-ninth Anniversary of the Reign of George III, "The Father of his People." Collected and published by (A LADY) the Wife of a Naval Officer—a work which affords much fascinating reading.

"N ver, in tale or fable," wrote Fanny Burney, of the daughters of King George III and Queen Charlotte, "were there six sister Princesses more lovely." Of the very beautiful series of portraits painted in 1782 by Gainsborough, Queen Charlotte's favourite artist, of the members of the royal family—then numbering fourteen—which now hang in Windsor Castle, the most beautiful perhaps is that of Princess Elizabeth, the original owner of the tea-set, then twelve years old. It is here reproduced by gracious permission of His Majesty the King.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, *Highclere, near Newbury, Berkshire.*

SUGAR BASIN AND PLATE

SIR,—I have been much interested in Mr. Clifford Smith's article in COUNTRY LIFE of December 15, about George III's Jubilee tea-set.

I have in my possession two pieces, consisting of the small octagonal sugar basin and lid and one plate (nearly 8 ins. in diameter), which appear to correspond in every detail with the particulars given. The plate is clearly marked "Wedgwood," but I cannot find any mark on the sugar basin.

I had always had great admiration for my two pieces, and I shall treasure them more than ever now that I know more of their history.—E. M. D. H., *Worcester.*

IVY AND TREES

SIR,—I am most interested in Mr. Percy Walter's letter upon the destructive power of ivy on trees.

For nearly three years I have been saving timber in this district from the deadly strangle-hold with which this parasite grips all and sundry



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE III.
PAINTED BY GAINSBOROUGH IN 1782

See letter: King George III's Jubilee Tea-set

(including buildings and walls) but especially trees.

The pest is rampant in much of the woodland around here, and, whether from lack of knowledge of the national importance of sound healthy timber, or from want of labour, very little cleaning up is attempted.

To clear young trees and saplings is a comparatively easy matter, but it has taken me hours of hard work with axe and saw to free timber arrived at maturity which has harboured this enemy from the beginning. And this is the more difficult because the older coils of the ivy imitate the bark of their victims in a remarkable manner.

I give a few hints as to the best way to attack it with a good chance of success.

The parent stem or trunk of the ivy should be cut clean through as near the ground as possible and a wide gap left between the two separated ends. The parasite then dies away completely and the dead wood gradually disappears. But if there is an insufficient space between the severed portions, such is the vitality of the growth that the two join up again and the last state is worse than the first. But with this method careful watch must be kept for the next year

or two, and any young ivy shoots must be immediately destroyed. If allowed to grow they have a habit of creeping up behind the old coils. And this makes the work most difficult in bad cases.

Complete destruction of the roots in and around trees with a mattock is the only absolute cure, but this calls for labour and time which are not now available. The tools necessary are a light felling axe, a small hand axe and a medium saw, also strong hedging gloves with gauntlets.

Ivy is poisonous to the skin and unless good gloves are used a very distressing rash invades hands and wrists. Even with gloves a slight rash frequently appears. But this is a small matter to a tree-lover.

As an example of the strangling power of the parasite: a little while back I freed a young ash sapling into whose slender trunk the ivy had bitten so deeply that the bark had swelled out between the coils as if it were flesh constricted with whipcord.

Yet a lone worker can but touch the veriest fringe of the trouble and I would beg you to use your great influence to awaken a general interest in this most important problem.—MAURICE CAILLARD (Major), *Harlech, Merionethshire.*

A HAY-CART FROM WALES

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE your correspondent Mr. Ralph A. Smith tells of the primitive hay sledge in use on the mountain farms in Wales.

I lived for some years in Merionethshire and this method was used on our farm. It may be of interest to some of your readers to hear that on the mountains, where no modern appliances could be taken, I have seen the corn threshed with the flail! The sound of the rhythm still lingers in my memory. It is refreshing to realise that there are still links with the past.—MARY E. HODSON, *Bradbourne Hall, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.*

CINQUE

SIR,—Having just read R. T. Lang's article in your issue of September 15 last, I was interested in his "aside" on the pronunciation of "Cinque."

In the campanological world, changes on eleven bells are known as "cinques"—because five pairs of bells change places at a time, and one bell must remain stationary.

In bell-ringing society, cinques is always pronounced sinks—i.e. Stedman Cinques, Erin Cinques, etc.

In Assam, COUNTRY LIFE is an eagerly looked-for pleasure and my old copies, when placed in the Mess, soon show signs of wear!—KENNETH S. B. CROFT (Lieut.), *South East Asia Command.*

RURAL RHYMES

SIR,—Referring to Rural Rhymes as quoted in your issue of December 15, perhaps the following may be of interest to you.

Some 50 or 60 years ago I had occasion to spend a few weeks at the Cornish fishing village of Mevagissey and can recall a rhyme, which so far as I can recollect at this distance of time, ran somewhat as follows:

Mevagissey is a beastly hole,
A church without a steeple,
A lump of muck at every door
And most peculiar people.

I might add that few Cornish churches have steeples; nor do I recollect any want of cleanliness in the village. The people I found most obliging and helpful to me in my business.—A. INTERESTED READER, S.W.10.

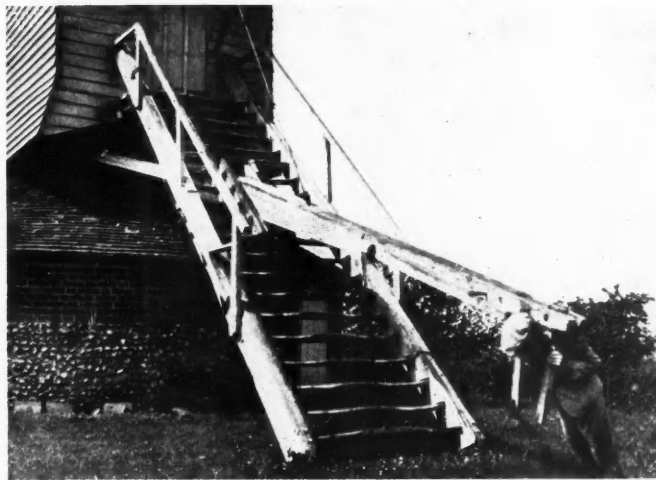
POST-WAR HOUSING

SIR,—Some months ago you were good enough to publish a letter from me in which I stated there was grave danger of drifting into a worse state of affairs in connection with the post-war building of houses than existed at the close of the last war. I think that most of your readers will agree that this has now occurred, as the present state of affairs can only be described as chaotic.

There are four essential factors to keep in view before such a large programme is launched. The first thing to be done is to appoint an eminent builder with practical experience of erecting the type of house required. Few modern builders seek the help of a professional architect to-day for the purpose of designing suitable houses of this kind. Most of them have a draughtsman employed continually who is quite capable of

getting out not only plans but also quantities. The next thing is to take a census of all the natural building materials that exist at the present time in this country, and they are enormous. There are millions of acres of clay land for the production of bricks. Labour of course would have to be organised to make bricks, but as these to-day are mostly machine-made this presents very little difficulty. I believe half of London was built from bricks that came from the Peterborough district. Then we have large tracts of land that contain gravel, sand and lime, all of which could be extracted and then filled in again and the top soil replaced without permanent injury to the land for produce purposes. We also have an inexhaustible supply of shingle from which concrete can be made to be obtained by means of dredging close to our seashores.

With all this material available it should be possible to produce the type of house that is really required at a minimum cost, which would give satisfaction to all concerned and be keeping with the amenities of the surrounding districts. All window frames would be made to standard sizes of steel in this country instead of wooden frames being imported from abroad. It is not necessary to have doors panelled, as this leads to extra cost in the making; they could be quite flat and covered with a suitable coloured enamel or varnish paint. In my humble opinion a mountain is being made out of a mole-hill as



SHIFTING THE MILL

See letter: A Suffolk Windmill

heap at the loss of many millions of pounds without having fulfilled the duty they were intended for.—C. R. PURSER, *Sussex*.

A HOME FOR HIS BRIDE

SIR,—This common wren—"the farthing bird" as a very young lady I know calls it—was a model of patience and perseverance. Early in February he started building a nest in a most unsuitable position in our virginia creeper. For a whole week every leaf that he deposited fell down, forming a pile on the ground each morning. Finally he obtained a foundation and finished his part of the job by the first week in March. According to Mr. Seth Smith, the male wren builds several nests, one of which the female selects and lines herself. I was lucky enough to witness what must have been the actual inspection and acceptance of this nest by the female. While she was inside, the male, quivering with excitement, stood nearby and displayed. The wings were fully spread in a drooping position similar to the grasshopper-warbler display. The tail was depressed and spread until each feather showed separately. With open beak he gently swayed from side to side, one of the most charming bird displays that I have seen; he did no more building. The young left the nest on June 7. On July 20 I saw the female lining a second nest, the young being fledged about August 28.—R. P. GAIT, *Bristol*.



"THE FARTHING BIRD"

See letter: A Home for his Bride

regards producing permanent houses in this manner. Given adequate powers a practical builder at the head of affairs would overcome all difficulties if they really exist.

In ninety per cent. of this class of house refrigerators are not required and if installed would be used for an entirely different purpose.

It is surely a mistake to assume that it is necessary to build temporary houses of steel (which are unsightly)—in a few years to be put on the scrap

A SUFFOLK WINDMILL

SIR,—Mr. Laurence Whistler's fascinating article, *Machines That Breathe* (*COUNTRY LIFE*, November 17, 1944) and his reference to the swinging of a windmill's entire edifice on a pivot "to catch a new wind," prompts me to send a photograph showing this adjustment being made at Drinkstone Mill, near Woolpit, Suffolk. The miller is seen with his head inserted through a rude wooden collar at one end of a beam which, when pushed as only one accustomed to the task can, swings the mill on its pivot. It is some years since I last visited Drinkstone, but if memory serves me aright there is also a device which operates something like the shift key of a typewriter; when this is in use, the mill-body swings clear of the ground; when released, the position is "locked."

Drinkstone Mill is thought to be the oldest mill of its type in the eastern counties. It dates back to 1689 and was restored in 1936.—G. B. WOOD, *Leeds 8*.

18th-CENTURY IRISH TOMBSTONES

SIR,—In many of the older and more remote graveyards of the counties of Wicklow and Wexford and part of county Carlow, a fair proportion of the better preserved tombstones, with obituary dates between 1760-1800 or so, still show deeply cut patterns in the manner of the accompanying illustrations.

Decorated tombstones of similar date are not, of course, unknown in other parts of Ireland and elsewhere, but as they are rather different in style, inspiration and execution, little connection seems to exist between them and the stones referred to here. Moreover, according to local tradition, the Wicklow-Wexford-Carlow examples were all done by stonecutters from the neighbourhood of the better stone quarries in the north of county Wexford.

This particular form of "Folk Art" seems to have centred mainly on the life and work of three men, Dennis Cullen of Monaseed, Miles Brien and James Byrne. It is their names that are to be found on the majority of signed examples. Of these, —judging from style and obituary dates—Dennis Cullen and Miles Brien were by far the most influential (the former as originator and leader, the latter as his most skilled contemporary and successor), while the later James Byrne developed rather a different, "mass production," system of his own.

In the space of a short letter it would be impossible to attempt any detailed account of Cullen or Brien. Presumably the designs with three crucifixes and numerous attendant figures and motives were somewhat costly, and they are less frequently seen than those with a single crucifix. Of these the signed stone at Glenealy to John Pluck, c. 1778, is a good average example, but many are much plainer and were probably cheaper.



AT GLENDALOUGH, CO. WICKLOW

See letter: 18th-century Irish Tombstones

Nevertheless Cullen never really repeated his patterns and every one of the 70 or 80 stones (many of them signed) so far examined, shows either different arrangements, or some fresh motive—such as ladder, pincers, nails, hammer, cock on pot, cock on pillar, etc.—connected with the symbolism of the Passion. Architectural embellishment he also utilised, and on the memorial of c. 1789 at Glendalough, it is effectively combined with



A TOMBSTONE AT GLENEALY, CO. WICKLOW, BY CULLEN (1778). (Right) BRIEN'S WORK AT ST. MULLIN'S, CO. CARLOW (1793)

See letter: 18th-century Irish Tombstones



fantastic figures emblematic of Life and Death. Incidentally no signature appears to this, but the general similarity to several other signed specimens leaves little doubt about its rightful attribution.

That Brien was inspired by Cullen in the earlier phases of his work is quite obvious from the crudely executed horses, soldiers and churches that are to be seen on a number of signed examples occurring about his probable home locality in north-west county Wexford. He was not at his best, however, when working in the Cullen style, and later on he seems to have evolved a selection of formal and more easily executed patterns, in which he achieved quite pleasing if less original results. In these the Crucifixion scene is much simplified, only a single crucifix and Christ with inclined head, wig and perizonium being shown, while the surrounding decorations are usually limited to two simply draped figures of Mary and the Magdalene, and repeats of such motives as flying angels, cherubs, foliage scrolls, chalices, the sun and moon.

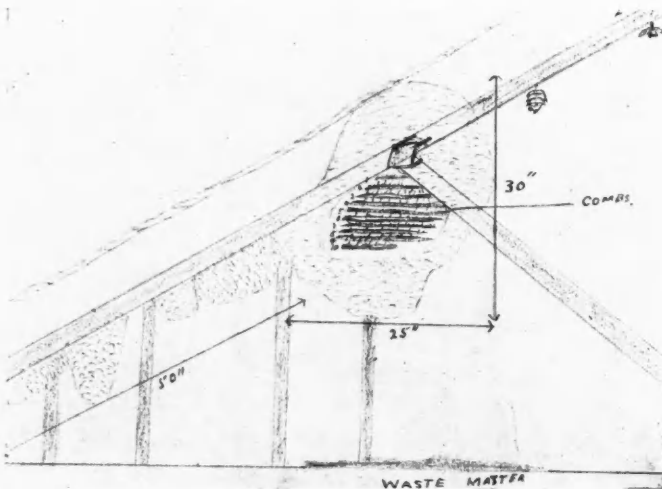
The initialled stone of c. 1793, to M. Flood, at St. Mullins, represents a normal form of this type. Variety, however, was apparently not very often demanded from Brien, and his stock of formal motives tends to become monotonous. Even their skilful use and decorative qualities do not quite compensate for the interest of Cullen's almost mediæval naivety.



TIGER MOTH: LEFT-HAND ANTENNA VIBRATING RAPIDLY

See letter: *An Experiment with a Moth*

measured (the biggest) thirteen inches across, the nest was about fifteen inches in width, but the combs were built against the wall of the house. This fact, and what may be seen in the drawing, will show the great thickness of the enveloping "wasp-paper."



A SKETCH OF THE WASPS' NEST AND QUEEN NESTS

See letter: *A Wasps' Nest in an Attic*

Photographs (on the previous page) were taken by my husband and have been reproduced by kind permission of the Royal Society of the Antiquaries of Ireland, from the issues of the Society's *Journal* for June, 1943 and June, 1944.—ADA K. LEASK, *Terenure, Dublin*.

A WASPS' NEST IN AN ATTIC

SIR,—I have just discovered a very interesting case of nest-building by the common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*).

This nest was first observed at the beginning of May in the attic, by the occupants of the house. It was then about the size of a saucer, suspended from the main angle beam against the wall. The wasps entered from outside by a crack between the wall and the tiles. The nest entrance was then at the bottom of the nest.

When, at the beginning of November, I first saw the nest, I was amazed at the size of it. The wasps had then left it. Unfortunately I was unable to procure a photograph; however, I have made a rough drawing of the entire structure, which shows the great amount of unnecessary work expended by the wasps.

On the drawing I have marked some of the measurements. The combs, of which there were ten,

Two other extraordinary facts I noticed. The usual nest entrance at the bottom was absent. The wasps must have entered the nest by the crack direct into the nest interior. The other interesting thing was the fact that farther up the beam were two queen nests. The first one was a completed nest with one comb having nine cells, the second was uncompleted, just having the umbrella-like covering, and one comb with five cells. The cells in both cases were not hexagonal.

Why should the wasps have expended the labour on building so much all down the beam? The additions were only of "wasp-paper" and contained no combs.

I should be most interested to learn if you have any records of *Vespa vulgaris* behaving in this, to me, odd way.—H. D. VAN SOMEREN, *The Elms, Gillingham, Dorset*.

AN ELEGANT INSTRUMENT

SIR,—The musical instrument described by Sir Ambrose Heal in *Collectors' Questions* recently is a vihuela, which had a vogue in England during the early nineteenth century. It originated in Spain and is the parent of the guitar. A description will be found in Scholes's *Oxford Companion to Music*, with the statement

that "the music of its Spanish player-composers remains important."

I have one almost identical with the photograph accompanying Sir Ambrose's letter. It bears the maker's name—Clementi and Co., London, a very well-known firm for many years; becoming later, I believe, Clementi and Collard, with workshops in Tottenham Court Road. Vihuela is really the same word as viol, through the old French *viola*; Low Latin *vidula* (to skip and make merry). Mine is not dated but the ornamentation fixes it fairly accurately as 1820-30. The name is pronounced vee-oo-ay-la.—R. G. MORTON, *Beacon-Tor, West Kirby, Cheshire*.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH A MOTH

SIR,—Is it possible that the antennæ of a moth are stimulated by electric light to vibrate so that the beats synchronise with the cycles of the alternating current of the power supply?

The accompanying photograph of a tiger moth was taken by the light of a 100-watt bulb about twelve inches from the insect. During most of the exposure of 5 seconds the moth was vibrating its left-hand antenna at a rapid rate. In spite of this the print shows two clearly defined images, with a clear space between them, instead of the blurred effect I had expected. Such a result would be obtained if the beats of the antenna synchronised with the cycles of the alternating current supply to the lamp—hence my query.

This type of effect is known as a stroboscopic effect and may be familiar to readers in the barred discs used for timing accurately the revolutions of a gramophone turntable. When viewed by electric light from an alternating current supply, the bars appear to be stationary when the disc is rotating at the correct speed.—A. W. BULL, *Beeston, Nottinghamshire*.

ART AND EDUCATION IN THE TIMBER TRADE

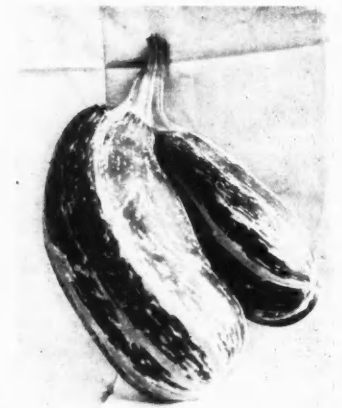
SIR,—I feel that you and your readers will be interested from architectural and other viewpoints in the enclosed photograph, which portrays a very handsome bookcase. It is made from British Honduras mahogany and was recently presented, together with over two hundred books on timber, to the Liverpool Timber Trade Association by Mr. E. S. May, a well-known timber importer of Liverpool.

The wood is highly and attractively figured—a rare occurrence in this species of mahogany.

The bookcase—overall length 10 ft. 3 ins., depth 15 ins. and 9 ft. 3 ins. in height at centre, was designed by Mr. Stewart McLaughton, F.R.I.B.A., Liverpool, and was made by Lancashire craftsmen of Waring and Gillows, Ltd.

Carved into the wood is the motto: NON SIBI SED OMNIBUS (Not for himself, but for all).

The Timber Trade have embarked on an educational programme in collaboration with the Ministry of Education, and the National Syllabus is already in force in some 20 cities and towns. It is hoped to establish



TWO MARROWS ON ONE STEM

See letter: *Fasciated Marrows*

libraries similar to that presented to Liverpool in 50 or more cities or towns.—J. BARRIE GLASS, *London, E.C.4*.

FASCIATED MARROWS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which I have taken of a freak marrow, grown at Steeple Langford—Salisbury way.

This was grown in the garden of my father-in-law, in a very large bed, and was not discovered until it was almost its present size.

The larger marrow measures ten inches in length while the smaller is seven inches.

I thought perhaps some of your many gardening readers may be interested, and some may have had a similar freak.—N. H. HEAD, *Upper Parkstone, Dorset*.

[We do not remember to have seen before a case of fasciation among marrows.—Ed.]



BOOKCASE IN FIGURED BRITISH HONDURAS MAHOGANY

See letter: *Art and Education in the Timber Trade*

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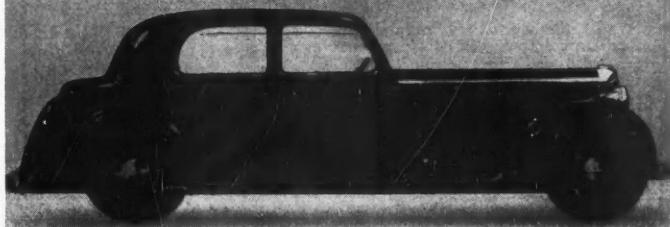
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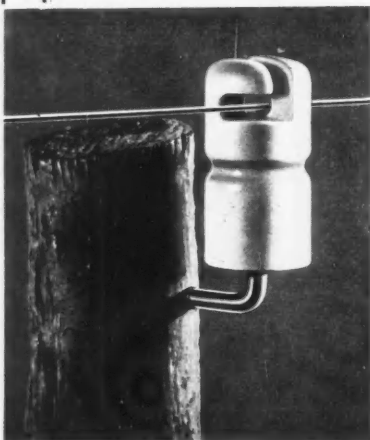
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FARMING NOTES

GOOD CALVES, GOOD CATTLE

ECONOMY on the feeding side can be overdone in calf rearing. This has been impressed on me by seeing several batches of calves in the last few weeks which are not being done as well as they should be to bring out their best qualities as heifers later on. My guess is that a good many more dairy calves have been reared this Winter, and it is all to the good that this should be so. With the prospect of increases in the grass and clover leys over the next year or two we shall want all the horned stock we can find. But it is a pity that we cannot do these extra calves rather better in the early stages. Too many of them have lost their baby flesh and look what I call "skimpy."

Too Little Milk

THE excuse put forward nine times out of ten is that enough whole milk cannot be spared for them in these days. Every gallon must go for liquid consumption during the Winter months and the calves must do as well as they can with an allowance of 20 or 30 gallons a head before they go entirely on to dry food, hay and kale. One farmer said to me: "I could make really good calves if I could give them each 50 gallons of milk, but I cannot afford this at today's prices." He is right, but it is true also that other farmers who apply real skill to calf-rearing do manage to get their young stock on remarkably well with no more than half this quantity of whole milk. Calf-rearing is a highly skilled job. Some of our most successful calf-rearers to-day are land girls who are willing to give all the care that the young things need, especially when they are on a substitute diet.

The First Three Months

THOSE who are not satisfied with the way their calves are doing should read what Mr. K. L. Richards has to say in *Agriculture*, which is the Ministry of Agriculture's Journal. Mr. Richards works with the Worcestershire War Agricultural Committee and has evidently made a close study of calf-rearing under war-time conditions. In the table of procedure that he sets out he allows the calf to continue having a little milk up to the fifth week of its life. Then he recommends gruel for the sixth and seventh weeks, and by the tenth week the calves should be entirely on dry concentrates, good hay and clean water with a small allowance of green food or cut swedes and mangolds from the third month onwards. The first three months is the most critical stage of a calf's life. How it does in the early weeks will decide what kind of an animal it makes at maturity.

Outdoor Exercise

IAM glad to see that Mr. Richards is an advocate of "abundant exercise and plenty of fresh air," which he considers as important as good feeding. Most of the disease problems in dairy herds, particularly tuberculosis, would probably disappear if all calves could be reared on an outdoor rather than an indoor system. What we do at home is to make a pen of baled straw on the south side of the calf house. When the first batch of calves are about four months old we let them run out in this pen each day. If the weather is anything like kind they prefer to stay out rather than indoors. They get a good coat on them and I think develop hardiness which obviates the risk of chill when they go out to grass in May.

Farmers and Credit

ACORN merchant has been telling me that his farmer customers are taking longer credit than they did

a year ago. Cash is not flowing so freely in the farming industry and the merchants' bills are being left for a month or two instead of being settled promptly for cash discount. I am sorry to hear this because it is always good business to pay cash. Few of us realise how much we pay for credit from our friends the merchants. They are not philanthropists and if we do not pay our bills promptly they have to pay for credit to run their business.

Income-Tax

IT is quite understandable that farmers are wanting more credit. The cash position is not easy. Another payment of income-tax was due on January 1 and this will raid any cash balances we have and put some of us further into the indebtedness of the Bank. The cash position looked rosy enough in 1941 and 1942, when most of us had greatly increased our receipts from growing grain and few of us had started to pay income-tax on any considerable scale. Now the income from these grain crops which cashed a good deal of soil fertility has to be brought into the tax reckoning. Meanwhile the farm income has fallen off. We are not growing so much grain and the farm wages bill has mounted fast. It may be argued that tax demands will be correspondingly reduced in a year's time and that the farmer's cash problem will gradually solve itself. This will happen if farming costs and incomes are nicely balanced on the basis of the guaranteed prices promised for the next three harvests. But, along with many others, I am finding the present period a draughty one financially.

Lime Works Closed

THE local lime works has closed down! I found this out when I ordered a few tons for immediate delivery. The merchant told me that farmers' orders had so fallen off in the last month that the lime works had decided to close down until the Spring. This lack of demand for lime may be due to the reluctance of farmers to spend money even when half the cost of the lime is met by Government subsidy. I cannot believe that all the fields that want lime have been treated. There is a potential demand still unsatisfied. One explanation of a dearth of orders for lime is that the War Agricultural Committees have slackened the pace in visiting farms, taking soil analyses and ordering lime to be applied where wanted.

The Importance of Liming

PERSONALLY, I should deplore a drive to get more lime applied compulsorily. I hope we can begin to slacken off with cropping directions and the like. But more farmers should be made to realise in their own interests that liming is still needed on a large scale—not everywhere of course but where the soil naturally tends to be low in this plant food. We have been drawing pretty hard on the reserve of plant foods by an intensive cropping programme over five years. We put in phosphates, nitrogen and potash where needed as an ordinary matter of routine when we sow our corn, but the lime factor is liable to be overlooked. Lack of lime, not amounting to actual acidity, can be the limiting factor in plant growth even where mineral fertilisers are given and the humus content is satisfactory. So it is worth thinking about liming and getting an analysis done on any fields that have a doubtful record.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LIGHT AND SHADE
IN 1944

HOW has the market for real estate fared in the last twelve months? To answer that with tolerable accuracy in pre-war years was a simple task, even for the most conscientious recorders and critics who wrote without fear or favour. The basic material consisted partly of certain privately collected statistics. Individual agents garnished them with good round figures of business done, and properties handled, by their own offices. It is not to be wondered at if to-day only a few agents keep up the custom of issuing annual statements. Nowadays no statistics worthy of the name are available; some of the chief sales and lettings cannot be announced, for official or other reasons; and the flow of business has become so distributed, instead of being in a few hands, as in Victorian times, and to some extent since, that only a small number of firms can show really imposing totals. In any case the whole aggregate realisations fall below those in an average brisk pre-war year. Stagnated activity in the market for agricultural land, the brightest feature of the year, and readiness on the part of ordinary investors to pick up ground rents and urban freehold premises at rising prices, are among the best points of 1944.

REDUCTION OF INTEREST
RATES

THE increasing competition for well-secured rentals, often of only trifling separate sums, derives some of its force from the progressive decline of the yield of investments other than those in real estate. What that fall means is revealed in the fact that a dozen of the chief insurance companies have, since 1938, seen the net rate of interest on their wide range of scientifically selected investments decrease from £3 18s. 5d. per cent. to £3 4s. 6d. Individual investors, some of whom were deriving 5 per cent. from Government Stocks in 1939, have suffered a levelling down to 2½ per cent. Making every allowance for the trouble and expense of managing real property, the results of owning really work out better than that. But, be the average interest on miscellaneous securities high or low, its reaction on the market for real estate is indisputable, and can be traced by a study of the comparative figures throughout a long period.

VALUE AFTER STRUCTURAL
DAMAGE

A POINT that has hardly received any attention as yet, in regard to a vast quantity of property, is the permanent and incurable structural injury that has been sustained by nearly every type of premises through enemy action. Much is being heard of the repair of war damage, but not so much about the real meaning of the expression. Experience in London boroughs shows that repairs commonly consist of the roughest kind of plastering to hide cracks in walls and ceilings, and what is little more than patching up of roofs. These things are on the surface and evident for all to see, but who will be bold enough to estimate the hidden damage, the foundations spoilt, the walls out of plumb, the drains fractured, and so forth?

True that for the time being, and perhaps for some time to come, such is the pressure to find living room that those who need it will not be too critical of the condition of property, but when normal life is resumed, and a moderate degree of comfort and stability is demanded, a considerable revision of values is inevitable, and owners are likely to have to put up with losses that the war damage

repairs have done nothing to mitigate.

A single instance is typical, that of a well-built suburban house that was split from top to bottom midway between back and front. A fortnight later another bomb within a quarter of a mile had the curious result of causing the building, as it were, to re-set itself, and the cracks closed by half-an-inch. But who would say that, assuming no further injury is inflicted, that house is intrinsically worth nearly as much now as it was originally? Near by, for 200 or 300 yards, so severe was the damage that it is inconceivable that anyone would ever care to buy the houses, although for the time being persons can be found glad to occupy them after patching up is done. In other words permanent depreciation has been sustained, and real value reduced, although temporary conditions in the market may make the depreciation of no immediate import.

AREAS THAT HAVE
BENEFITED

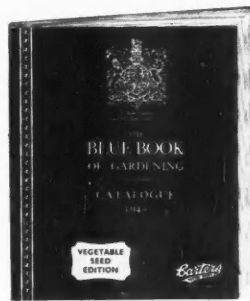
IF it should seem that too much attention has been paid to the effect of enemy action, let it be borne in mind that that is the main distinguishing line between the state of the property market in the past year and previous years. Happily in very many counties, towards and in the Midlands and the West, and in parts of the North, so far from depressing the market the tendency has been rather to improve it, for buyers and tenants have competed for accommodation not so much exposed to disturbance. Residential freeholds in those districts have fetched higher prices and rents, from persons who propose to settle in them, and the requirements of those who need houses handy to great military establishments have helped the upward trend of the market.

DEMAND FOR FARMS

SO much has been said in these columns concerning the market for agricultural land that it is unnecessary to do more at this moment than to say that the demand for farms, particularly those which are available for immediate entry, exceeds the supply. It is a curious fact that when new prohibitions were introduced against interference with sitting tenants of farms that happened to be sold, great numbers of farms with possession were soon offered. Some of these were put on the market by practical farmers, who have seen in present circumstances an opportunity to retire after a lifetime of hard and successful work. Other sales reflect the effects of the onerous taxation on incomes, or on the passing of property by death. What would give additional interest to the results of most of these sales would be a memorandum of the prices paid for the same properties years ago, but the comparison cannot be made, and in any event improvements alone account for changes in market value, and a mere contrast of figures would convey no information worth having. It would emphatically be misused by those who see in every upward step in rents or prices the hand of the profiteer. The present-day farmer, buying for his own accommodation, is a better business man than his forbears, and he does not feel acutely interested in what was paid for a holding it may be 20 or 40 years ago. Competition, based on the prospects of the farm and the industry in general, fixes the price, and he is no more afraid of paying it than he is of the certainty that the weekly wages of one good labourer may equal or exceed the sum for which, in early Victorian days, his predecessors could have had half-a-dozen. ARBITER.

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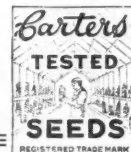
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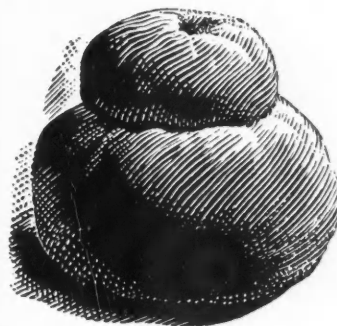
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NEW BOOKS

THE DESERTS ARE ON THE MARCH

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE EARL OF PORTSMOUTH, in a brief foreword to Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker's new book *I Planted Trees* (Lutterworth Press, 10s. 6d.) speaks of forestry as "the elder brother of farming." The English public, says Lord Portsmouth, is becoming awakened to the needs of farming, but is still "lamentably unconscious" of the needs of forestry.

I do not suppose there is anyone in England so competent as Mr. Baker to stir this unconsciousness into a sense of responsibility. He writes well; his career has taken him into interesting places and among little-known people; and the subject of forestry, which he has made his life's work and study, is as attractive as it is important.

THE LOVE OF TREES

In this book he deals with both his life and his work. It would indeed be difficult to separate them: the one has been the other. "The love of trees is in my blood," he writes; and this is literally true, for his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were, like himself, "men of the trees." His great-grandfather, rector of Botley in Hampshire for over fifty years, "not only farmed 800 acres of glebe-land, but also spent £12,000 in planting trees upon his own property."

The author's grandfather inherited this taste. He, too, was a parson, and "during the right season of the year, whenever he was paying pastoral visits to his parishioners, he would fill his pockets with acorns, and, like Nelson's admiral, Collingwood, before him, would tuck them in the hedgerows."

Then there was Mr. Baker's father who "became a forester at the age of three. He planted apple pips in little flower-pots in his playroom. With the help of his nurse, he tended and watered them for two years; and then, assisted by the gardener, planted them out. Eighty years later, Baker's Seedling and Baker's Southern Wonder are two varieties which originated from the pips he planted."

Well, is it to be wondered at that Mr. Baker became a forester? Especially seeing that even his nurse took a hand in the game? She was "herself married to a forester," and used to take the boy for walks in the woods that her husband tended. Moreover, his father had now got beyond the popping of pips into pots and was a professional raiser of trees. So, what with both ancestry and environment, one may say that, if ever there was a man who would have found it difficult not to be a forester, that man was our present author.

Happily, he had no scruples or distaste to overcome. He took to forestry as a seedling takes to the right soil, threw his roots right down into the subject, grew a tough dependable trunk of knowledge and adorned this with a canopy of grace in exposition. Mr. Baker must forgive me if I

continue to see him as a tree. I imagine there are few other things he would rather be. Well, this full-fledged giant of the forests has for some seasons past been shedding a most fertile humus on the ground about him. The great organisation called The Men of the Trees took root there, and the, too, germinated and sprang up a number of books in which we learn the fascination of the subject and the gravity of man's condition if he neglect to cultivate his forests.

Perhaps the most pregnant sentence in the whole of this book is "Wood is more important than wheat." At first sight, a reader may be inclined to pass this off with a shrug, dismiss it as a mere assertion born of excessive enthusiasm. But when you have read what Mr. Baker has to say, you find that his contention is quite literally true. It is not that mankind is more in need of the substance we call wood than of the substance we call bread: it is that without the wood the bread vanishes. The one is the guarantee and guardian of the other.

We are becoming belatedly aware of the dire meaning of the word "dustbowl," but even yet we are apt to think that a "dustbowl" is an unfortunate phenomenon which has recently made itself known in America and will soon be dealt with by "science." (I would not be thought to write disparagingly of science when its benefits are plain on every hand. I learn only this week that it has found a way to turn beans into wool, so that it only remains now to turn wool into beans for our joy to be complete. Because then we shall have both wool and beans, whereas now we have only beans and wool.)

Mr. Baker stresses that many of the deserts which support no life were once forests, and therein lies the great warning to mankind. Once the forests are cut down, the danger to corn-growing land is acute. The rainfall tends to diminish; what rain there is, lacking humus to filter it gently into the soil, rushes impetuously, and in time the few inches of earth, out of which alone man can physically live on this planet, are washed away.

NATURE'S EXACTS PAYMENT

This has happened often, is happening now, and will continue to happen unless men shake themselves into a realisation of the primary importance of forestry. That is the lesson which Mr. Baker has dinned into us again and again. "Civilisation, so-called," he writes here, "has been ruthless in the destruction of natural resources, so that the very existence of man on this planet is now being threatened."

"The deserts of the world are on the march. Can the tide of destruction be stemmed? This is a question we are unable to answer. Nature pays her debts, and when she is disregarded exacts terrible penalties. It would seem that nothing short of

I PLANTED TREES

By R. St. Barbe Baker
(Lutterworth Press, 10s. 6d.)

LOVELY IS THE LEE

By Robert Gibbings
(Dent, 12s. 6d.)

VISIONS AND MEMORIES

By Evelyn Sharp
(Oxford University Press, 10s. 6d.)

a universal spiritual regeneration is sufficient to turn men's hearts from the greed and recklessness in which they have indulged themselves in the last century."

I have chosen here to give the necessary core of this author's message rather than dwell on other aspects of the book. But it has other aspects—many. For one thing, Mr. Baker has led a wide-ranging adventurous life and gives us a wide-ranging adventurous book. For another, he has an almost mystical apprehension of the being of trees. To him, they are more than timber, more than the necessary custodians of earth's fertility. They are, in and for themselves, capricious, hardy, dainty or majestic beings, and it is perhaps his strange sense of kinship with them that makes him the most persuasive advocate of forestry to-day.

A RIVER IN IRELAND

In *Sweet Thames, Run Softly*, Mr. Robert Gibbings gave us a beautiful picture of an English river, and in *Coming Down the Wye* of a Welsh one. Now he has turned to an Irish one, and if this means that a Scottish one is to come, all the better, say I. For the more Robert Gibbings books there are in the world the happier for all of us, whether we consider him as author or artist. As for the pictures, let me say that in his new book they are as many and as lovely as ever. Mr. Gibbings' main business is with the writing.

This book is called *Lovely Is the Lee* (Dent, 12s. 6d.). Here Mr. Gibbings does not, so to speak, go with his title all the way. In the other books we met Thames and Wye at once and did not leave them. Here we are more than half way through before we come to the Lee and the country about Cork.

But it doesn't matter. Drop Mr. Gibbings anywhere and he will find something to write about and to draw, for he has a way of enfolding himself into the very heart of any company that may be about. This is how his book begins:

THE STRANGER

"I wasn't ten minutes inside the door of the Royal Hotel at Galway before I was accosted on the stairs by a complete stranger, a young man of about thirty years of age.

"Come down till I treat you," he said. As I turned to go with him he added: 'My name is Jimmy Dillon. What's yours?' I told him. 'I'll call you Bob,' he said."

The only incredible thing in this passage is that the young man was "a complete stranger," for all men cease to be strangers in the very act of Mr. Gibbings's eye falling on them. And it is this that makes half the charm of his books. Rich and poor, priest and layman, landlord or tenant, it is all one to Mr. Gibbings. In no time at all he is extracting a story or telling one, and he has the art to draw the reader within the genial circle of this comradeship.

"Wild imaginings, richness of phrasing, unexpected changes of subject, inconsequent turns of humour," he writes, describing the Irish manner and temperament, and he is describing himself. "Fairies? The ground's paved with 'em!" a man said to him, and so is this book. I've never before come on so many stories of the "little people" in any book not specifically concerned with them. And all these tales are told in this our day and generation, for (by one reference only) it is to be gathered that the Irish visit was made while this war was on. One wonders whether the people Mr.

Gibbings met were excessively credulous, excessively clever at leg-pulling, or a native hotch-potch of the two.

It need hardly be said (at any rate to anyone who knows this author's work) that his mind is attracted by all the manifestations of nature. The seas and the streams, the hills, fields and clouds, the fish in the water, the birds upon the shore, the beasts in the wood: all these attract his eye and engage his pen in passages of delightful description. [He has an unfailing eye for colour: so difficult to describe, so well described here.

All through this book, as he moves about Aran, Galway, Connemara, before making his way to the Lee, we hear not a word about Irish politics or the bloody clashes upon the Continent. Reminiscences of the author's service with the Munsters in the last war—yes; but of this war, nothing.

And so the book has the virtue of providing a moment's oblivion in rare company. An Irish tailor said to Mr. Gibbings: "There isn't a man alive who couldn't see a new miracle every day of his life if he'd use the power of his brain." I'm not sure that brain is the right word here. Substitute "imagination," and you have a picture of the kind of company you are privileged to keep along the lovely Lee.

NEVINSON'S MEMORIES

Evelyn Sharp, who is the widow of H. W. Nevinson, has collected some of her husband's scattered writings into a volume called *Visions and Memories* (Oxford University Press, 10s. 6d.).

Nevinson was an old man; his memories go a long way back. He recalls seeing Matthew Arnold at the first performance of *The Silver King* in London: a setting, somehow, in which it is a little difficult to fit him; and hearing Ruskin lecture at Oxford. "In the last lecture of the course he so overwhelmed us with solemn awe that when he closed his note-book no one moved or spoke. We no more thought of the usual applause than we should have thought of clapping an angel's song. He looked up as though surprised, and then, seeing what was the matter, he turned to the drawings, made a few casual remarks about them to bring us back to this present world, and departed." It is a good picture.

These brief papers touch upon many subjects, and Nevinson had the knack of enlightening most things that he dealt with. His staunch affection for his old university of Oxford comes out strong, and he is a valiant defender of many great Victorian names in letters that younger men do not prize so highly.

OLD AGE

In the course of his life he wandered over most of the earth's surface, and in his latter days his mind came back to his own intimate English things. His last essay was written at Chipping Campden, whither he had been driven by the destruction of his home in London. In these circumstances, his mind turned to the Westmorland country house whence his people came. "So the old home still stands, not much altered since it was carefully erected over three centuries ago." It is a moving little essay, evoking a picture of the old man, with so much gone, turning in the end to that which could not be destroyed: not the house, the stone and mortar, but the heritage which he had himself nurtured and advanced, and which is clear here, as in all he wrote.



"Goodnight children
— everywhere —"

Never still for a moment. What energy they use! Now's the time for that long refreshing sleep — a cup of OXO and off to bed.



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NEW YEAR HONOURS

FASHION honours in 1944 went to the millinery which, though scarce, provided the thrill of the year. The stupendous hats of Paris took away the breath of even the hardened war correspondents during the delirious days of liberation. Milliners here had been raising crowns and using more trimmings for some considerable time and they got caught up in the general mood of uplift. The upward trend of hats, and the consequent revolution in their structure, is changing hair styles, necklines and the general silhouette slowly but surely. Nothing exaggerated has been shown generally here yet, but high turbans, especially the ivory and white draped jersey ones, turn heads in London occasionally, while the high fur and knitted Cossack caps are popular. The really high hats are made on a buckram frame in the Edwardian tradition of millinery and are a complete change with their elliptical line. High, peaked felt caps fit



Scott's sou'wester in russet felt with dented crown and deep brim



(Left) The waistcoat of this jacket and dress has hollyberry red over-checks matching the sleeves and tie. The jacket, the skirt and back of the dress are grey worsted suiting. Designed for Jay's by Mr. Luker

tightly over the hair, and real bonnets, the kind one sees in illustrations framed in a hansom cab, are being shown for the Summer with roses and tulle nestling inside the brims.

Fresh striped-cotton shirts with tailored suits in grey, navy or black made the smartest outfit of the year, followed closely by tailored fitting coats in clerical-grey worsteds lined with black and worn with black leather accessories and brilliant scarves, sweaters and blouses. While shoes became more discreet in colour and lost a lot of their scarlet trappings, scarves became gayer and gayer, even more so than those of the preceding year. Pink returned to popularity—salmon-pink, flesh pink, crushed strawberry, rose pink, carnation pink, geranium pink. It made the background for some of the prettiest prints and scarves of the year in the paler tones and the most effective accessories in the vivid shades.

The long evening dress appeared again in the

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(in the Knightsbridge area at Harvey Nichols).*



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Winter collections in all its glory in velvet, satin, brocade. Some, with spreading skirts, tight bodices and puffed sleeves, were in the true romantic tradition. Short afternoon dresses have been getting softer and more feminine all the year, have shed their stitched collars and general tailored look, are gathered, gauged, shirred and folded on the bodice with necklines cut away into modest *décolletages*. The fluid Princess line has, in many instances, replaced the straight pencil slimness of a year ago on dresses and long coats. Dresses gleam again with a new invention—with gold, silver and iridescent stencilling that is sprayed on to look like studding or make a definite design like embroidery. Lapels, belts, pockets, yokes, skirts and hemlines are decorated in this way and look very gay.

THE three-quarter coat in plaid tweed, camel or flat fur, and the tunic frock, came back into fashion with the high folded turbans of the Autumn. The brilliant linings to coats, the lapel ornaments, which became more and more exotic as the months passed by, the *coiffures* piled up on top, are in tune with the more flamboyant line of the hats and the exciting colouring of the scarves. The dark, plain tailor-mades remain as the perfect background for these lively additions and the best investments for coupons. Hand-stitched pigskin bags and gloves, lambskin coats and waistcoats keep right on top of fashion.

We are promised more colour for this year. Fabrics for next Spring's tailor-mades show a liking for the discreet traditional designs



(Left) Fur backed, fur lined, with brown cape leather palms. (Right) Wool lined brown kid gauntlets. Peter Robinson

in mixed pastels—bird's-eye weaves in mushroom brown and sky blue or dusty pink are one of the prettiest, while herring-bone tweeds in greys and browns are broken up by a line of colour—sulphur yellow, dusty pink, carnation red or a deep indigo blue. The grey suitings with red overchecks or pin stripes are immensely popular; so are whipcords in beige or tobacco brown. Both are very hard-wearing fabrics. Black whipcord is being shown by Jaeger for suits with scarlet linings, waistcoats and a flash on the shoulder under an epaulette fold. Among the prints for Summer suits and dresses are charming etched flower-heads in brilliant mixed colours on white or very dark grounds and all-over

spidery tracings in black on sulphur-yellow, mushroom-beige, ice-blue or dusty-pink grounds. Neat tweed designs are being printed on firm rayon marocains. Herring-bone, diamond and basket patterns are done in irregular, rather wavy lines and the broken effect is very smart. The material is thick enough to tailor and hangs extremely well. Most of the patterns are in black or chocolate brown on one of the popular bright pastels. The amount of Paisley, too, is amazing. It is shown on cottons with a silk finish, on fine canvas linen-like rayons, on thin wool, for dresses, shirts, dressing-gowns and housecoats. Colour mixtures for these Paisley prints are cheerful—chestnut brown, old gold, cherry red, and pink on a warm beige ground, peacock blues flashed with bright cherry pink and emerald on a pale sky-blue ground. The lovely bloom to the cotton is obtained by a special finishing process on the looms used in pre-war days for silk.

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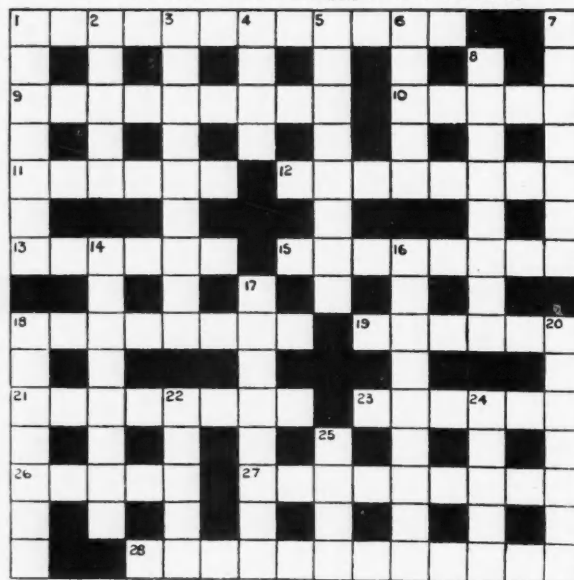
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CROSSWORD No. 780

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 780, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 11, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 779. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of December 29, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Woad; 3, Brer Rabbit; 9, Toes; 10, Occidental; 12, Horse; 13, Events; 15, Eos; 18, Rites; 19, True mirth; 22, Fair words; 24, Tongs; 25, Ego; 26, Propel; 29, Resin; 32, Not certain; 33, Face; 34, On the right; 35, Odds. DOWN.—1, Witchcraft; 2, A merry trip; 4, Rochester; 5, Raise; 6, Alert; 7, Bite; 8, Talk; 11, Seesaw; 14, Nee; 16, Grand stand; 17, The Sonnets; 20, Unselfish; 21, Motors; 23, Odo; 27, Reeve; 28, Patti; 30, Undo; 31, Stet.

ACROSS.

1. Poe described its fall (5, 2, 5)
9. Presumably how Patience occupied her monument (9)
10. Wrathful (5)
11. Fed without, though ill within (6)
12. Wonders (8)
13. One might levy it in a fit of thoughtlessness (6)
15. Not for consumption (8)
18. The age of the slippered pantaloons? (8)
19. Horatio was Hamlet's (6)
21. Euphuistically speaking, the rodent officer's mechanical pitfalls (8)
23. She may easily appear at the bar (6)
26. Non-existent without uncle or aunt (5)
27. It's all to be seen in 9 and 1 (9)
28. Reply isn't set (anagr.) (12)

DOWN.

1. Sanguine (7)
2. Up to the time a headless Hun begins it (5)
3. Pertaining to first principles (9)
4. Destined to turn into a real feat (4)
5. Nasty, sir? (anagr.) (8)
6. Heather (5)
7. "——— is full of noises."
—The Tempest (3, 4)
8. Liable to error, it might become an ill fable indeed (8)
14. The Preacher's ephemeral pleasures (8)
16. Coleopterous buzz-bomb? (9)
17. Spends it (anagr.)—or them (8)
18. A character in 7 suffered a sea-change into something partly this (7)
20. An ecclesiastical residence (7)
22. Apparently refers to the first woman, but he's not really as ancient as that! (5)
24. The fish is mostly out (5)
25. The idler's preceptors (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 778 is
Pilot Officer E. A. Elders, R.A.F.,
20, Bainbridge Avenue,
Sunderland,
Co. Durham.